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Plot To Break Jail Frustrated By Sheriff

"Benny" Lichenstein Caught Digging Out of Cell.

WAS TO ASSAULT GUARD

Facing Long Term Desperate Convict Planned Dash for Freedom on Eve of Return to Pittsburgh Penitentiary.

"Benny" Lichenstein, escaped penitentiary convict who was recaptured and on Monday sentenced by Judge Quigley to an additional term of nine to thirteen years, on Wednesday made a desperate attempt to dig out of his cell in the Bellefonte jail. He planned making his break for liberty last night. The fact that Lichenstein knew that a special night guard would be on duty leads the officials to believe that he contemplated taking the officer unawares, rendering him unconscious with a brick and getting away in the dark. Lichenstein worked rapidly, hoping to get away with it before being taken back to Pittsburgh. His scheme failed and today, with James Allen, William Jennings and William Shannon, he was taken to Pittsburgh where he will be confined behind bars for the greater part of his life.

To the vigilance of Sheriff Yarnell is due the discovery and frustration of Lichenstein's plan to break jail. During the last few nights Sheriff Yarnell has had a special guard on duty to prevent any attempt by Lichenstein or his pals to escape. In addition to this the Sheriff has several times daily personally inspected the cells occupied by the penitentiary convicts. Wednesday evening Sheriff Yarnell walked into Lichenstein's cell to inspect it. The cell is located on the first floor, just to the right from the main entrance. The cell floor is of concrete. Lichenstein selected the ceiling as the best point for digging out. He removed about fifteen bricks and concealed them underneath newspapers, trusting to luck that his work would escape detection. His scheme was clever enough, but Lichenstein overlooked one very important point, namely, Sheriff Yarnell. The Sheriff when inspecting the cell Wednesday evening did not take general appearances for granted but gave everything the closest kind of scrutiny. It took him but a few minutes to discover the scheme and the next instant he had a gun at Lichenstein's head. It happened so quickly that Lichenstein was powerless to move. Still covered by the Sheriff's gun Lichenstein was compelled to carry the brick out of the cell and pile them in the corridor of the cell room. This task completed Sheriff Yarnell marched him to a steel cell. This was occupied by another penitentiary convict who was removed to an iron cell. There are but two steel cells in the jail. This necessitated placing of one of the three penitentiary prisoners in an iron cell. This was closely guarded all of last night and today Lichenstein and the three other men named were hurried off to Pittsburgh.

When Liehenstein and Allen escaped from the Rockview penitentiary they sawed the white-painted bars, working a short time during the day and after each operation closed the openings in the bars with white soap. They were recaptured at Jersey Shore. Lichenstein was convicted of larceny in Blair County. Allen denied being involved in the attempt to break jail here and jeered at what he termed a badly bungled job. He requested of Sheriff Yarnell not to be handcuffed to Lichenstein while being taken back to Pittsburgh, remarking:—

"Don't chain me to anybody who works with his feet instead of his head."

At that, the officials have nothing but Allen's word that he was not a party to the attempted jail delivery.

Leroy Locke left Bellefonte Wednesday afternoon for Philadelphia where he will continue his medical studies at the University of Pennsylvania.

PENITENTIARY CONVICT DEMANDED TRIAL AND CONDUCTED HIS OWN DEFENSE

One of the strangest and most novel proceedings ever witnessed in the Centre County courts was that on Monday afternoon when William Jennings, alias Ollie Hammond, a penitentiary convict who escaped and was recaptured, refused to plead guilty, insisted on a trial, declined the services of a lawyer to defend him and insisted on conducting his own defense before a jury. Whether the young man was a shrewd criminal or a person of unsound mind was a problem that baffled Judge Quigley, members of the bar and also spectators in the court room. Judge Quigley accorded the prisoner the fullest lattitude in the matter of constitutional rights, and Jennings abused this privilege in the most shameful manner. He engeged in numerous exchanges of comment with Judge Quigley, at times was insulting and again was sarcastic. Every now and then he blurted out some insinuating remark that would have justified Judge Quigley in administering additional punishment, but apparently not fully decided whether the prisoner was entirely responsible mentally Judge Quigley overlooked these offenses against the dignity of the Court and when a jury returned a verdict of guilty merely imposed sentence for the offense of escaping from the penitentiary. Jennings originally was sentenced for a term of two to three years, having been convicted in Somerset County. He had served but a few months when he escaped. He was given an additional term of two to three years, to be computed from the expiration of the first sentence.

Apparently Jennings and Benny Lichenstein and James Allen, all three escaped convicts who were recaptured and lodged in jail, had agreed among themselves to refuse to plead guilty and demand jury trials. Lichenstein, sentenced from Blair County for a term of nine to thirteen years, was the first of the three to be brought into court. His first move to claim that he had been denied the privilege of securing counsel. Judge Quigley upset this by delegating Clement Dale as Lichenstein's counsel. After a brief conference in an adjoining room Lichenstein changed front and entered a plea of guilty. He was sentenced to an additional term of nine to thirteen years. Deducting the time he has already served he will still have about twenty-two years behind the bars before he gains his freedom. Allen was then brought into the court room. He, too, was without counsel and Mr. Dale was named to represent him. A side-room conference resulted in his changing front and Allen was given an additional term of three to four years. He said he was first sentenced from Mifflin County.

It remained for Jennings, the last of the trio to be brought before Judge Quigley, to smash right and left at the dignity of the Court, assert his rights in a manner that at times was boastful and incidentally revealed that he was well posted on prisons and prison life. His first move was to object to Mr. Dale serving as his counsel. Judge Quigley thereupon delegated N. B. Spangler to represent the prisoner. Counsel and prisoner retired for a conference, at the conclusion of which Mr. Spangler informed the Court that his client seemingly was dissatisfied, that he refused to plead guilty and preferred to conduct his own case.

The first move by Jennings suggested that he had a well thought out scheme in electing to conduct his own defense. Judge Quigley asked why he had escaped from Rockview, and the cunning of Jennings at once asserted itself. He declared that a penitentiary official at Pittsburgh had threatened to kill him if he (Jennings) attempted to escape and was returned to the old penitentiary. For an instant this aroused the sympathy and curiosity of all and quick to sense this Jennings plunged into a rambling denunciation of the penitentiary officials. Judge Quigley undertook to explain that such comment had nothing to do with the case at hand, only to have Jennings fling at him the most insulting remarks. It required several abrupt commands to quiet the prisoner sufficiently to go ahead and try the case. Jenning sat at the counsel table and appeared to glory in the notoriety he was receiving. Judge Quigley directed that the jury be sworn, whereupon Jennings interrupted with the comment that he had no objections to this being done. He was given a stiff reprimand and informed that it made no difference whether he objected or not. Chief Deputy Warden Healy, from Rockview, was the first of two witnesses called by the Commonwealth to establish that Jennings had been confined in the new penitentiary and that he had escaped. Jennings availed himself of his right to cross-examine the witness and his first question to Warden Healy was:—

"Mr. Healy, how do you know that I escaped?"

The patience of Judge Quigley and the witness was tried sorely, but Mr. Healy testified as to the escape. J. S. Clark, of Penna. Furnace, who captured Jennings nearby Pine Grove Mills, was the second and last witness. Jennings insisted on cross-examining him but asked nothing of importance.

In response to an inquiry by Judge Quigley, the prisoner then went upon the witness stand. Directed by the Court to tell the jury his version of the escape, Jennings dug into his pocket and brought to light a statement of several pages. This he started to read. It was a detailed story of his escape, his capture and a broad-side denunciation of the management and conditions in general at the Pittsburgh penitentiary. Judge Quigley cut the prisoner off short and commanded him to confine his remarks to the escape.

Having really nothing to testify about, Jennings next availed himself of his right to address the jury. He asked for a law book covering the matter of escape from prison. He read the law to the jury and then undertook to discuss the meaning of the word "break" in its application to one who might break jail. It then developed that Jennings had banked everything on his ability to raise a technical discussion on this one word. His contention was that he had merely walked away from the prison farm and that therefore he did not "break" jail. It is said that this same line of argument has been freely discussed among convicts at the new penitentiary and that they have a belief that a test case in the courts would result in the law being declared defective. Judge Quigley explained to the jury the absurdity of this line of argument on the part of Jennings and it required but a few minutes for the jury to return a verdict of guilty. Jennings, as might have been expected in the light of his conduct during the trial, looked upon the verdict as further evidence that he was a victim of injustice.

That Jennings dreaded the thought of being returned to the Pittsburgh penitentiary branded as an escaped convict was indicated when he was in the midst of his tirade before the jury. He mentioned that prisoners were subjected to all manner of hardship. As he did so his voice broke and it seemed that he was on the point of collapse as he related how prisoners who escaped and were recaptured and returned to Pittsburgh had to wear suits of flaring red and white stripes to distinguish them from other inmates. At times as he talked the face of Jennings was so sad as to excite one's pity. The next instant it assumed the traces of the deepest cunning. Standing out conspicuously through his every movement and action was the fact that he holds himself as above the laws of society.

CONFESSED TO BURGLARY

James Hand, Arrested at Tyrone, Admits Robbery at Sandy Ridge.

James Hand, suspected of being implicated in the robbery of the Harry Stuart store at Sandy Ridge last May was captured at Tyrone late Tuesday night and brought to Bellefonte where he is now lodged in jail. Hand made a complete confession implicating "Beany" Meese, of Sandy Ridge, formerly of Bellefonte, and also naming William Shannon as an accomplice. Shannon, recently sentenced to a term of sixteen to twenty years for killing an infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Saylor at Sandy Ridge, confessed to the Stuart store robbery some time ago and involved Hand. Meese has been in jail for some weeks, being detained originally as a witness in the murder charge against Shannon.

At the time of the Stuart store robbery a large quantity of shoes and wearing apparel and also groceries was stolen. Shannon, Hand and Meese were suspected but it was not until Shannon was locked up charged with murder that the police were able to get a definite line on the case.

Convention of Woman's Club.

The tri-county (Lycoming, Clinton and Centre) convention of Woman's Clubs will meet in the Bellefonte High school building, Saturday, October 6. Morning sesion 10 to 12.30 o'clock; afternoon session 2 to 4 o'clock. Box luncheon.

It is desired that all woman's organizations in the above named counties be represented and give a three minute report of the past year's work.

For a soft velvety skin try CYDONINE at Green's Pharmacy.

STATE BOARD ORDERS REPAIRS TO THE JAIL

Directs That County Overhaul and Remodel Prison.

ORDER IS MANDATORY

Decision Follows Inspection by State Agents Who Recommend Steel Cage and Cells to Supplant Present Arrangement.

Centre County officials have been formally notified by the State Board of Charities and Corrections that the jail in Bellefonte must be repaired and placed in a modern sanitary condition. The notice sets forth that the much-needed and long-delayed repairs must be begun within the next three months.

The order directing that the jail be remodeled was addressed to the Centre County Board of Commissioners. It is said that the State Board of Charities and Corrections have power to issue such an order and that under the law it must be carried out. The Centre County Board of Commissioners have the matter in hand, but thus far they have not decided upon a course of procedure. It is not considered likely, however, that work of this character could be undertaken during the winter months.

Just what the necessary improvements to the jail would probably cost is not known at this time. It is understood that the cell room will have to be completely remodeled and the present system supplanted with a modern steel cage enclosing several tiers of cells. It is believed that the present cell room is sufficiently large for normal requirements. A problem that would confront the county officials at the beginning would be that of caring for prisoners while the new cell room would be in course of construction. As to how this would be handled there is no tangible plan in mind at the present time.

For several years State prison inspectors while visiting Bellefonte in an official capacity have called attention to the need of improvements at the jail. From time to time minor repairs have been made, but apparently these have not been deemed as meeting the requirements of the State Board of Charities and Corrections and the formal order to put the prison in satisfactory condition followed.

DROP AUTO PROSECUTIONS

Abandon Cases for Violation of Speed Limit in Howard.

Prosecutions brought against sixty or more automobilists for violating the speed limit within the boundaries of Howard borough collapsed when investigation disclosed that the borough had not sufficiently fortified itself to institute such proceedings. A number of the automobilists against whom information had been made had arranged with counsel to fight the charge, only to be informed when they appeared at Howard on Monday that the cases had been dropped for the reason stated.

It seems that Howard borough has the required 15 mile speed limit sign boards erected at the borough boundary lines, but had not complied with another part of the law directing that additional sign boards be stationed at specified intervals with lettering of a fixed size. The additional sign boards had been erected, but some had lettering of one size, while others had larger or smaller letters. Counsel for Howard borough advised that inasmuch as the borough itself had not complied with the law it would be unwise to continue the proceedings and the matter was therefore dropped.

The automobilists who went to Howard to appear at a hearing were prepared to raise the point as to the lack of uniformity and proper lettering of the sign boards. They also contended that the constable deputized to detect violations of the speed law within the borough had lodged informations in a number of cases prior to the date he was sworn in as an officer. However, they were not called upon to raise either question, the prosecution announcing before a hearing could be held that the cases had been abandoned.

Park—Beck.

Mr. Leonard Park, of Philadelphia, and Miss Laura Beck, daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Dunkle, of State College, were united in marriage at the Nittany Inn the other evening at eight o'clock. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. A. D. Bateman of Mill Hall. Miss Marian Dunkle acted as bridesmaid and Mr. William Dunkle as groomsman.

NEXT CONSCRIPT GROUP DEPARTS ABOUT OCT. 3

Six Additional Centre Countians Ordered to Camp.

OTHERS TO GO SOON

Expected that Remaining Fifty-three Will be Sent to Camp Meade in Near Future—Last Gronp Certified to District Board.

Six additional Centre Countians are scheduled to depart on or about Wednesday, October 3d, for Campe Meade, at Admiral, Maryland, unless orders received on Tuesday by Sheriff Yarnell are countermanded. The official order directs that an additional five percent. of Centre County's quota be entrained on or about the date mentioned above. The local Exemption Board has sent notices to the following to be in readiness to go:—

Peter Lyons, Bellefonte
Lewis A. Crader, State College
George F. Shawver, Martha
Victor E. Holt, Howard, R. F. D.
Thomas A. Richard, Port Matilda
Claude A. Whitehall, Oak Hall

The local Exemption Board has classified the result of the examination of the 435 men summoned to make up the quota from Centre County, as follows:—

Exemptions:—Enlisted men, 21; ministers, 5. Total, 26.

Discharged:—For dependency causes, 141; for physical defects, 108. Total, 249.

Selected:—No claim for exemption, 112; exemption refused, 24. Total, 136.

Failed to appear, 24.

On Monday the local Exemption Board certified to the District Board, at Harrisburg, the final group selected for service for the first quota, as follows.—

Ben Pznak, Osceola Mills, R. F. D. 2
John H. Stevenson, Waddle
Calvin N. Bartges, Coburn
Alvin A. Bohn, Oak Hall
Ernest Papke, Philipsburg
Wm. L. Pendleton, Bellefonte
Roland A. Bryan, Milesburg
John A. Waite, Bellefonte
J. Irvin Shawver, Coburn
Amos Fye, Waddle
Adam L. Beam, State College
Robert W. Anderson, Winburne
Latimer A. Dice, Milesburg
John Basa, Osceola Mills
Arthur G. Custer, Fleming
Peter J. Noveski, Osceola Mills
Russell S. Wagner, Howard
Charles H. Bubb, Centre Hall
George E. Long, Howard
George E. Vonada, Zion
Ralph H. Harpster, Penna. Furnace
Charles L. McCool, Spring Mills
Joseph F. Hughes, Osceola Mills
Lloyd Weaver, Howard, R. F. D. 2

Vote for Jury Commissioner.

The official count of the vote at the primaries on September 19th for Jury Commissioner resulted as follows:

Republican:—John D. Decker, 905; W. H. Goss, 505.

Democratic:—J. A. Emerick, 840; A. C. Ripka, 570.

These figures give Mr. Decker the Republican nomination by 400 majority. Mr. Emerick is nominated by 270 majority.

An interesting coincidence is that the total Republican and Democratic vote for Jury Commissioner candidates is identically the same. Each party polled exactly 1410 votes.

Young Men Leave for Rock Island

There were a number of young men in Bellefonte and State College who took training at the latter place for the Officers Reserve in the United States Army. For the last six weeks they have been waiting for a call from the war department and finally it came. They were directed to report at the United States arsenal at Rock Island, Ill. They left Thursday morning and the squad was composed of the following young gentlemen: Earl S. Orr, Fred Witmer and Ivan Walker, of Bellefonte, Russel Foster, Donald Strunk, Harold Williams and M. Hurwitz, of State College.

Red Cross Needs More Help.

After October 1st, the rooms in Petriken Hall, occupied by the Bellefonte Red Cross Society, will be open every Monday and Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock and in the evening at 8 o'clock. The ladies having it in charge are very desirous of having all ladies of the town come around and aid in getting the work out. It must be done and it should not depend on the few when every lady in town should be interested. The Red Cross work is progressing in other towns and it should not be left to lag here.

HON. LEONARD RHONE DIES AT CENTRE HALL

Prominent as Citizen and Leader in Grange Circles.

BURIAL ON SATURDAY

Death Tuesday Night Culmination of Year's Illness—Confined to Bed but Attended and Directed Recent Encampment.

Hon. Leonard Rhone, one of the prominent citizens of Centre county, and of the State of Pennsylvania, passed away Tuesday night at 10.30 o'clock at his residence at Centre Hall. For several years he had not been in the best of health and last winter had a fall which greatly aggrivated his illness. Forty-four years ago he inaugurated what is known as the Grange Encampment and Exhibition which is held one week each year at Grange Park, Centre Hall. He took such a deep interest in the exhibition that this year he was taken there on a cot and helped manage its affairs while in bed at headquarters. He was then a very sick man and received but few callers.

The deceased was the son of Jacob and Sarah Rhone, and on July 21st, 1838 was born at the old Rhone homestead, Potter township, a short distance from Centre Hall. His main education was in the old Fairfield school, near his home, although he attended one year at the Kishacoquillis Academy, Mifflin county. In 1858-1859 he taught school at Tusseyville. From that time he devoted his attention to tilling the soil along practical methods and became very prominent in the State and National Grange. His first official position was connected with the State Society of Patrons of Husbandry, but was elected Master of the Centre County Pomona Grange in 1875 and re-elected five times, and in 1877 was chosen Master of Centre Hall Grange. In 1874 he was appointed first deputy of the County Grange by the master of the State Grange, which he held until 1878 when he was elected overseer of the State Grange and two years later he was elected Master of the State Grange which he held until several years ago. In 1880 he was elected a trustee of State College and nominated by the Greenback party for the legislature which he declined. He was again nominated for the same position in 1882. In that year he served as delegate to the National Convention of Agriculture under Governor Hoyt and later was named by Governor Hastings as a member of the State Board of Agriculture. He was elected to the state legislature by the Democrats in 1885.

In 1864 he was married to Miss Mary Margaret Sankey, daughter of James Sankey, of Potters Mills, who preceded him to the grave several years ago. His surviving children are Miss Mary V. Rhone, who holds a position at Harrisburg, and Miss Florence S. Rhone, at home. He is also survived by the following sisters: Mrs. Lewis F. Mason, of Grinnell, Iowa; Mrs. Sara Hess, Medina, Ohio, and Mrs. Alice Hixon, of St. Joseph, Mo. He was a member of the Lutheran church and belonged to the Centre Hall Lodge of Masons. The funeral will take place Saturday morning at 9.30 o'clock and will be conducted according to the services of the Patrons of Husbandry.

Ford Motor Service.

This week's issue contains a large advertisement informing the people of Centre County that there has been established in Bellefonte a place where Ford automobiles are sold and Ford service provided. The Ford Automobile Company, of Detroit, has appointed Charles R. Beatty as manager and Gus Forsman, as mechanic to give special attention to repair work. Both gentlemen have been employed by the Ford Motor Co. and will render entire satisfaction. A. H. Hartswick, of State College, one of the hustling automobile men of Centre County, will canvass the county as salesman and what he says will be right. Their place of business is in the rear of Crider's Exchange, formerly the Thompson garage.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank Sasserman has issued the following marriage licenses:

Willard C. Burd, Florence M. Winters,	Aaronsburg Rebersburg
Galen Wood, Verna M. Way,	Chrome, N. J. State College
Frank Burns, Kathryn H. Hayes,	Snow Shoe " "

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

GETS HEAVY SENTENCE.

William Shannon Given Sixteen to Twenty Years for Killing Child.

William Shannon, of Sandy Ridge, last week entered a plea of guilty to a second degree murder and was sentenced by Judge Quigley to serve a term of sixteen to twenty years in the Western Penitentiary. Shannon shot and killed an infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Saylor, formerly of Bellefonte but more recently residing at Sandy Ridge. The particulars of the shooting were fully outlined in The Republican at the time of Shannon's arrest.

On Friday three persons stood before Judge Quigley, charged with larceny, and in each instance the case was attended with circumstances that called for considerable thought at the hands of the Court. One case was that of Mrs. Mary Sheesley, charged with stealing various articles from the store of Charley Workman, at Hecla Park. She entered a plea of guilty and as she stood up in the court room held an infant child in her arms. Her husband, seated a few feet distant, had another infant in charge. The need of somebody to care for children of such tender age appealed to the sympathies of Judge Quigley, and in view of this and also because it was the woman's first offense he concluded to suspend sentence and give her another chance. John Burns, a 16-years old boy, involved in the same charge of larceny, also escaped with a suspenped sentence, Judge Quigley deciding that he might profit from his experience and endeavor to lead an upright life. George Mulbarger, the boy who recently entered a plea of guilty to stealing some hams and shoulders from T. R. Hinds, of Walker Township, was also up for sentence. It was because the boy apparently had a wrong conception of the gravity of such an offense that Judge Quigley held the case over when Mulbarger originally plead guilty. As explained in these columns at the time young Mulbarger, in his remarks to the Court, seemed to be under the belief that by merely paying the cost of the meat the case could be dropped. Judge Quigley had the boy returned to jail and a few weeks' meditation there had the effect of impressing him with the seriousness of a charge of larceny. In the hope that the lesson thus learned would be of value to young Mulbarger, Judge Quigley suspended sentence and paroled him in the custody of an older brother for a period of one year.

Steam Heat Next Sunday.

On Sunday the new Heat & Light Co., of Bellefonte, expect to have things arranged so that they can turn on the steam heat. The new firm is composed of energetic men and they are going to make the enterprise a success. This is a great convenience to the community and it should be well patronized by our people. We understand that there are a number of people who have placed boilers in their homes but if the new company furnishes the proper amount of steam heat they will only use their boilers in case of an emergency. This company will also manufacture gas which is a great necessity to a town like Bellefonte. The citizens of this community should do what they can to help the new company along.

State College Professors Enlist.

The war's demand for trained minds has called to the country's colors twenty-three prominent members of the faculty at the Pennsylvania State College. Fifteen of them have accepted commissions in the army, and the others are in officers' training camps and in Y. M. C. A. work.

Some of Penn State's teachers who are ready to go over the top, won their shoulder straps in the first training camps, but the majority went into the Nation's service by reason of their expert knowledge along lines of science and engineering. The ordnance and engineering departments are most largely represented in the State College quota.

Notice.

To all optical men and women who examine eyes in Pennsylvania:

The law requires you to take an examination before the Board of Optometrical Education Examination and Licensur, of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, if you wish to continue in practice. Full particulars mailed to you upon application to the Secretary, Chester H. Johnson, 44 W. Market St., York, Pa., or to any of the following members of the Board: J. F. Neill, Jr., 2744 N. 12th St., Philadelphia; B. F. Mulhern, Penn and 5th Sts., Pittsburgh; S. C. Chessman, 406 Federal St., Pittsburgh; L. M. Philips, Altoona; J. E. Bliss, Scranton.

Oration for General Clement.

Major General C. M. Clement, commander of the Twenty-eigth division of the National army, left Sunbury last Thursday for New York. General Clement said his staff will make a persona study of trench warfare.

Every church bell and whistle in Sunbury and Northumberland county sounded for five minutes as a tribute to Sunbury's most distinguished military citizen just prior to the general's entraining.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

Wrapping Paper.

Even what may seem like the comparatively small matter of wrapping paper is taken up by the government authorities and the public is asked to avoid needless waste. At present prices of paper, it is not so negligible a matter as people may think.

Formerly paper was thought of as an almost worthless material. Now with its wholesale use in the munition trades, and with the disappearance of the forests that produce paper stock, it is one of the valuable products of industry, and should be economically handled.

People are finicky about the kind of paper their parcels are wrapped in. It seems to be considered very bad form to carry in the street a parcel wrapped in newspaper. Yet every fragment of the printed page represents the mechanical skill and intellectual effort of a good many people. It does not look as pleasing to the eye as the plain surface of white or colored paper so no merchant undertakes to enclose his packages in any such material.

Many articles put up in neat jars, cartons, or other containers have to be also wrapped in paper in order to suit our fussy tastes. Shoes, for instance, are first carefully wrapped in soft tissue, then are placed in an attractive carton, covered with glazed paper, and embellished by the name of the manufacturerer. It should be a perfectly good looking and strong box to carry in public. No, before our pride will tolerate it, it must be covered with an additional envelope of paper for which we pay in the bill.

The matter may seem too trifling to be worth discussion. Yet the aggregate of wrapping paper needlessly used is a big sum, and it diverts stock from other kinds of paper product where it is very scarce. Popular habits in this matter show false pride which manifests itself in a thousand ways in our life and adds to our burdens.

In a Nut Shell.

Some time ago we printed the Pennsylvania game laws in detail but for the conveience of our subscribers who may want something along this line to paste in their hat while out in the woods we print the following which is for the seasons of 1917-1918;

Bear—One each season, 3 to a camp. October 15 to December 15.

Blackbirds unlimited. September 1 to November 30.

Deer, with horns—One each season. December 1 to December 15.

Elk—Protected until 1919.

Pheasants—4 in one day, 10 in one season. October 20 to November 30.

Quail—8 in one day, 25 in one season. October 20 to November 30.

Rabbits—10 in one day, 60 in one season. November 1 to December 15.

Raccoons—Unlimited. September 1 to December 31.

Squirrel—6 in one day, 10 in one season. October 20 to November 30.

Wild Turkeys—One each season. November 15 to November 30.

Woodcock—10 in one day, 20 in one season. October 20 to November 30.

Notice to Soldiers.

Thursday October 11th, the 22nd Pa. Volunteer Cavalry Reunion will be held at Tyrone. There will be the usual morning, afternoon and evening sessions and it is to be hoped that as many members as can will attend these meetings. It was more than twenty years after the Civil War before the 22nd Pa. Cavalry held its reunion and those interested have not been able to find the whereabouts of all the boys nor complete a full roll. If there are any around in Centre county it would be well for them to get in touch with A. R. McCarthy, 6387 Sherwood Road, Philadelphia.

There is no person in Centre county who has been following this war closer than Dr. Yocum and all who may find it convenient to attend this meeting will be well repaid for the time spent there.

What a $50 Bond Will Do.

The proceeds of one fifty dollar Liberty Loan Bond will purchase:

Thirteen 13-pounder shells for destroying submarines.

Four 5-inch shells for the same purpose.

One hundred pounds of smokeless powder.

Eighteen gas masks for a like number of soldiers at the front.

Enough coal to drive a destroyer one hundred and twenty miles.

Enough gasoline to drive a submarine destroyer one hundred and fifty miles.

A soldier's uniform outfit.

Four months' subsistence for a soldier.

Millions for the Kaiser's Life.

Twenty business men of Mulvan, Kansas, have pledged themselves to give $50 each, as the first thousand dollars toward a million dollars to be paid the man of any nationality who will "get" the Kaiser. They will make a tour of the state for more subscribers to the fund. They believe it is the surest way, of bringing an end to the terrible war that is causing so much trouble in the world.

Itching piles provoke profanity but profanity won't remove them. Doan's Ointment is recommended for itching, bleeding or protruding piles. 60c at any drug store.

TRY TO PREVENT DISEASE.

A Thorough Physical Test May Point the Way to Saving a Life.

"Careful investigation," says a health bulletin, has shown that the physically perfect man is almost impossible to find. Almost every one who has reached the age of thirty has some impairment or defect of his body. It may be such a minor defect as a decayed tooth or a slight digestive disturbance. Or it may be trouble with the kidneys that will develop into Bright's disease if not attended to promptly. Little defects or impairments, if neglected, may cause untold suffering and loss.

"If you have a regular family physician arrange with him for a thorough overhauling of your body. This inspection, which should be conducted without clothing, should consist at least of the following:

"Height, weight, chest and abdominal measurements and a survey of the general bodily condition. Examination of eyes, ears, nose, throat, mouth, teeth, tongue, skin, glands, lungs, heart, circulation, stomach, liver and other abdominal organs. Examination for evidences of rupture, varicose veins, faulty posture, flat foot, spinal curvature, deformities and asymmetries. Tests of the vision and hearing. Tests of the brain and nervous system for paresis, locomotor ataxia and other central nervous affections or nervous instability. Chemical and microscopic examination of the urine. Blood pressure tests.

"Such a thorough examination as is suggested here may be the means of prolonging, if not of saving, life."

THE CAREFUL ELEPHANT.

His Bump of Caution Seems to Be Remarkably Well Developed.

The author of "From Jungle to Zoo," in explaining the difficulties of transporting wild animals by rail, gives a striking example of the elephant's cautiousness:

"The keepers generally place a heavy platform from the door of the truck to the ground, but few elephants will venture on it. In one case the men sent in a trained elephant first in the hope that the newly captured elephant would follow. The new elephant stopped dead, however, threw up his trunk and made it evident that he would go no farther.

"They offered him all kinds of food and addressed him with encouraging words; they led the trained elephant out and then in again with a rush, in the hope that the other would follow in the excitement of the moment. But it all had no effect whatever; there the balky one stood, waving his trunk and glancing from left to right and then from right to left with his little crafty eyes.

"At length after two hours of hard work, when the men were exhausted and streaming with perspiration, the elephant suddenly lowered his trunk, seized the inclined platform and threw it away. Then, lifting up first one huge foot and then another, he walked quietly into the truck and settled down at once to a good meal."

The "English Lord" of Our Stage.

England, which has given to the stage Shakespeare, Sheridan, Congreve, Goldsmith, Colman, Farquhar, Milman, Bulwer, Barrie and Pinero, does not contain in all its literature such a character as the "English lord" of the American theater. No one in England has ever seen a lord with any likeness to the American caricature. But he "goes his way," and it has proved a profitable one for the actor who specializes, so to speak, in stage English lords. Will the procession ever end? Can any one halt it? Can the silly ass lord change? It does not seem probable, and I can hear him now in reverie as he calls out, "Come, now, my bally old top, and watch me making love to the blooming heiress, and, my word, it will be ripping!"—Porcupine.

Cobbett and the Potato.

William Cobbett, the English economist, was firmly convinced that the potato and prosperity could not exist side by side, and he quotes with approval the opinion of Sir Charles Wolseley that on the continent "in whatever proportion the cultivation of potatoes prevails the working people are wretched." He is indeed constantly girding at the vegetables, and in his "Rural Rides" recounts noting with satisfaction in the course of a journey from St. Albans to Chesham that he did not see "three acres of potatoes in this whole tract of fine country."

Telephone Grandeur.

"What's your opinion of Bommaster?"

"Well, when I first met him he impressed me as being a leader of men, a 10,000 volt dynamo, a clarion voiced czar who would brook no opposition, but when I met him the second time I sized him up for a pusillanimous mouse."

"Where did you meet him the first time?"

"On the telephone."—Chicago News.

The Exception.

"I understand," said the foreign statesman, "that you elect all your rulers by ballot."

"You have been sadly misinformed," answered the American. "We don't elect our wives in that manner."—Exchange.

Gawky.

Edith—Which would you advise me to take, violin or piano lessons? Her Friend—Piano, dear. You look so much better sitting down than standing up.—Boston Transcript.

The wildest colts make the best horses when they come to be properly broken and handled.—Themistocles.

DEALING IN STOCKS.

Know What You Are Buying Before Investing Your Money.

We hear of fortunes quickly made in Wall street, of miners who have accumulated enormous wealth by a lucky strike, of inventions that have made inventors rich. But how many of these instances are there? Just a few, while countless thousands and hundreds of thousands have lost everything in unsuccessful ventures.

The prosperous, successful man or woman is the one who buys with knowledge of what he or she is buying, whether it be a piece of beef, a dozen eggs, a horse, a house or stocks and bonds.

Money has been made in Wall street and will continue to be made. Those who buy stocks when they sell low and sell them when they advance must make money. The operation is no different from buying a house or a farm at a bargain and selling it at a profit. But one should exercise just as much care in one transaction as in the other.

Have nothing to do with those who offer glittering opportunities to get rich quickly. This will save your money. It may sound very nice to say that one owns a thousand shares of a gold, silver or copper mine with a par value of $10,000 and that cost the holder only $50 or $100. But what use is such a certificate unless it has real value? Better put the $50 or $100 in one share of a dividend paying stock and be satisfied with moderate returns and a moderate profit on any advance the stock may enjoy.—Leslie's Weekly.

HOLES IN MACARONI.

Did You Ever Wonder How the Dough Was Put Around Them?

Haven't you often asked, "How do they get the holes in macaroni?" Yes, you undoubtedly have, and unless you have visited a macaroni factory you are probably still in doubt. Interesting methods are employed in bringing this food into the form in which it is placed before the public.

After the dough has been well mixed and kneaded in a powerful machine it is ready to form into macaroni, which is of a tube shape about one-fourth inch in diameter, or spaghetti, which is a solid stick shape of about one-eighth inch in diameter. This is done by forcing the dough under hydraulic pressure through a cylinder with a flat circular bronze die or mold at the bottom. The macaroni die is full of holes about one-fourth inch in diameter, and each hole has a small pin in the center of it, which is attached to one side of the hole. This pin forms the hole in the macaroni and divides the dough on one side as it starts through the hole, but before the dough reaches the end of the hole the divided side comes together and remains so, making a perfect tube. The spaghetti die contains only plain holes about one-eighth inch in diameter arranged in groups. When macaroni and spaghetti come from the presses or cylinders they are cut into certain lengths, the length depending upon whether the curing or drying is to be done on trays or by hanging over rods.—Exchange.

Here Are Two Kinds of Education.

In an article called "Increase Your Driving Power" in the American Magazine a writer says:

"Horace Taft, a brother of the former president, once told me that he never considered a man as educated just because he could talk a long time and answer a lot of questions about a given subject, but that he did consider him as educated if set down before some hard, unknown subject or task he could in two hours make something out of it. Judge Daly, brother of Augustin Daly, once told me that he and his brother at the ages of twelve and fourteen years were left as the sole supporters of their widowed mother.

"'That,' the judge said, 'I consider about as good an education as a boy can be given.'"

Our Climate an Asset.

On no other continent, under no other sun, in no other zone, in all the world can be found the same extent of fertile, available agricultural land as in these United States. And in no other equally large tract as that stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific and between the great lakes and the gulf can be deplicated the same amount of normally good weather as nature has bestowed on this favored land. Our rain and sunshine are so proportioned the one to the other as to produce the best yearly conditions on earth.—Detroit Free Press.

Our Platinum Product.

The United States produces platinum as a byproduct of copper refineries and also from most of the placer gold mines of the western slopes. Its occurrence there is very widespread, being found along the entire west coast, from Alaska to California. Except in a very few localities, however, it is found in such small quantities that its recovery save as a byproduct is not profitable.—Exchange.

Holy Land Earthquakes.

Earthquakes more or less violent have been of frequent occurrence in Palestine. One of the most violent occurred in the reign of Uzziah. This was connected by Josephus with the sacrilege and punishment of that monarch.

Innocence.

Father (to rebellious five-year-old)—Don't tell me you won't. Daughter—Well, papa, what must I say when I mean I won't?—Topeka Capital.

Nothing is so grand as truth, nothing so forcible, nothing so moral.—Landor.

FROM COAST TO COAST

A Remarkable Chain of Home Testimony. And Bellefonte Adds Its Voice to the Grand Chorus of Local Praise.

From north to south, from east to west;
In every city, every community;
In every state in the Union
Rings out the grateful praise for Doan's Kidney Pills.

50,000 representative people in every walk of life.

Publicly testify to quick relief and lasting results.

And its all for the benefit of fellow sufferers.

In this grand chorus of local praise
Bellefonte is well represented.
Well-known Bellefonte people
Tell of personal experiences.

Who can ask for better proof of merit?

Mrs. John Mignot E. High St., Bellefonte, says: "I suffered from a dull ache across the small of my back for several weeks. At times when I bent over or lifted anything a sharp pain shot through my back. I had heard of Doan's Kidney Pills and I knew that they were good so I began taking them, geting my supply at Parrish's Drug Store. Doan's cured me."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—Get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that cured Mrs. Mignot. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgrs. Buffalo, N. Y.

War Talks.

Arrangements are under way to have Dr. Yocum, of Bellefonte, give a talk on "The World War," in Grange Arcadia, Centre Hall, Thursday evening, October 4th. He will be recalled as the Memorial Day orator, who so ably discussed the question at that time. Dr. Yocum will be preceded by Prof. C. R. Neff, who will speak on "Germany's Form of Government."

Music for the occasion will be furnished by the Bellefonte High School orchestra of twenty pieces.

Exercises will begin promptly at 7.30 o'clock. Admission free; no offering; no solicitation for funds. Your presence and respectful attention is all that is asked. There are few men in Bellefonte or Centre county who have been keeping in closer touch with the present war than just Dr. Yocum and those who can spare the time to attend this meeting will never regret it.

Walks 42 Miles For Draft.

James F. Smith, a farmer of Eahoka, Mo., walked 42 miles before he discovered that documents which he received did not require him to appear before the district board of exemption, as he at first believed, but merely informed him that his name was among those accepted for military service. Notified by relatives, Smith walked 26 miles to Eahoka and Farmington, Ia. He missed his train there and walked an additional 16 miles to Alexandria, Mo., where he boarded a train for Hannibal. On his arrival at Hannibal, he was notified of his mistake by Secretary B. F. Brown of the board.

News From the State Capital.

"Col. Lloyd H. Durham," who claimed to be a British peer and to have in his possession medals for bravery on the fields of battle and who addressed a large audience in a local church, at Harrisburg, turned out to be none other than Harvey Taylor, 18, of Mechanicsburg, who had never stepped foot outside of Pennsylvania. "Col. Durham" was picked up by the United States marshall who suspected that he was an American "slacker". His grandparents agreed to take him home and keep him there, so he was released.

For earache, toothache, pains, burns, scalds, sore throat, try Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil, a splendid remedy for emergencies.

MUST BECOME CITIZENS

Foreigners Given Two Years, or to be Deported.

One of the best bills ever presented to the law makers of the United States was reported favorably last week in the halls of congress. The substance of the bill is that foreigners coming to the United States and after remaining here two years, find that in that time they cannot decide to be one of Uncle Sam's children, will be deported either to their home country or some other land that may appear more favorable to them.

The recent draft law exempts all foreigners from the United States service. It is likely the bill will go through without much trouble as it was reported out very favorably for action. The bill will include all foreigners, no matter how many years they have been in this country, only those who have come over in the last few months will have a few more weeks' grace than some that have been here for several years.

Foreigners are examined by local boards who have been residents of this country for fifteen years and own splendid properties. They pass a first-class examination and physically they are fit for service. But when asked whether or not they would volunteer, they shake their shoulders and say: "Me no wanta fight." At the same time they are having exactly the same privileges as the real American men and they had to go to war. These fellows will either take out citizenship papers and go to war or they will get out of the country under this bill. Every true American will say "Amen" quite heartily when the bill is finally passed. Two hundred and seventy five thousand Junior Mechanics in the United States are back of the United States House and Senate in the passage of the bill.

It is estimated that more than 1,000,000 aliens would be affected. Subjects of the allies or neutrals claiming treaty exemption would be allowed to leave the country within ninety days.

Amendments adopted would permit the use of aliens of Germany in this country for other than military purposes.

Mint for Steel Workers.

Several rollers in steel mills at Youngstown, O., are earning as much as $800 a month or at a rate of approximately $10,000 a year as a result of increases granted in a recent agreement with Amalgamated Association Workers, according to managers of the plants. Heaters, roughers and other skilled workers are able to make $12 to $15 daily. The new wage scale is based on the selling price of steel. This has almost doubled the wages given for some classes of work, manufacturers say.

Found Dead.

The dead body of Daniel Place, aged about 55 years, was found lying on the Court House porch at Clearfield Friday morning, the man having passed from life into death some time during the night.

Millions More to Allies.

Loans of $50,000,00 to Great Britain and $20,000,000 to France were made by the Government last Thursday, bringing the total thus far advanced to the allies up to $2,391,400,000.

CHICHESTER S PILLS
THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

DOLLARS SAVED
On all Guaranteed Make Tires
Sell us your worn out tires. Get circular No. 27P stating sizes and makes wanted.
Pittsburgh Tire & Rubber Broke[illegible] Co
206 Market Street - PITTSBURGH PA.

HIS FIRST DEPOSIT.

Makes a young man feel like a different fellow He commences to feel that he has something. He has. A deposit in the Bellefonte Trust Co. means the beginning of a fund which may lead to fortune and certainly to old age comfort and independence.

Bellefonte Trust Company,
Allegheny Street Bellefonte, Pa.

A Romance Cut Short

Inspired by Love a Country Clerk Has an Adventure

By JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH

The Panola people are exclusive. So are the mountain peaks. Both are lonely. Also both inspire awe in the beholder.

There are five of the Panola people to share the exclusiveness and the loneliness they have elected to maintain, a mother and four daughters. The mother looks as young as the youngest daughter, and the youngest daughter looks as old as the oldest. The entire group has a contemporaneous appearance. They talk contemporaneously, and they think in a batch. They have the effect of being preserved in amber for the consideration of future students of their kind. They would well repay the cost of the amber and the labor of preservation. They are the peculiar product of a day that is done.

Locally they are always spoken of as "the Panola ladies." Panola is the Indian word for cotton. As their lands are given over to the exclusive cultivation of that staple, the name stands justified. Even in their industries, you will perceive, they were exclusive.

Whenever the demands of the larder render it imperative that provisions shall be conveyed from the store to the plantation two of the young ladies go for them. It is not at all easy to decide whether it is the youngest two or the oldest.

It was on one such occasion that Bixby, the storekeeper, bubbling over with the best intentions, gave some advice and invited his doom. Few people ever ventured to advise the St. John Daltons. No one ever did it successfully.

In a spirit of veiled apology for the meagerness of the purchases he was stowing under the seat of their old buggy, one of the young ladies thus plaintively alluded to the stringency of the money market:

"What with our cabins out of repair and the restlessness of tenants it is impossible to keep such a large estate as ours in proper condition at the present price of cotton."

Bixby beamed benevolently upon the two pinched aristocrats, blundered and fell from grace: "Right you are, my dear young ladies. But, I say, why not cut the blarsted old place up into small farms and sell 'em off to darkies? You could keep enough right around the house to do for a garden and a corn patch for old Highflyer here and live in clover on the proceeds of the rest."

The stiff leathern reins were gathered more tightly by the small, thin hand of the driver. Her finger tips showed through the frayed fingers of her gloves. The flash of a diamond ring

"THEY WILL HAVE YOU TO THANK FOR IT."

pierced the third finger of the old gloves. Its wearer looked vaguely over Bixby's head:

"Did you put up 10 cents' worth of laundry soap, Mr. Bixby?"

Bixby quailed before her frigid glare, but answered meekly, "Yessum."

"And a package of cooking soda?"

"Best bi-carb. Soda's all right."

"Thank you. That is all this morning. Get up, Highflyer."

After the manner of a woman practiced in rubbing things in, the storekeeper's wife added a last drop to his cup of bitterness:

"Maybe some of these days, Bixby, you'll know enough to save your breath to cool your porridge. When folks gets to giving advice to them St. John Daltons it's time for the cows to come home with butter on their horns. Come to your dinner, Reuben."

She had found him conferring affably with a strange man. From Mrs. Bixby's point of view measureless possibilities of iniquity attached to every strange man.

"Ladies from top to toe," Bixby was saying, "but in a fair way to come to actual want with silver and gold enough tucked away in jewelry and tableware to keep them in comfort all the rest of their days."

"How about the men of the family?" the strange man asked with what Mrs. Bixby declared "vicious alertness."

"Got none. Father and two boys picked off at Chickamauga. Mother writes poetry about 'em and about old times. Daughters scuttle round some sort of fashion to keep body and soul together."

"How far do they live from here?"

"About three miles straight back todes the swamp. A lonesomer spot never was. Hanged if I don't think it's a deadly risk for a lot of unprotected females to be livin' in such a place with no locks and no men folks."

At which juncture Mrs. Bixby had appeared on the store gallery and given her peremptory invitation to dinner with such an accompaniment of frowns that Bixby accepted it without delay. When they reached the family quarters behind the store Mrs. Bixby turned upon her spouse to rend him.

"Heaven help you, Reuben Bixby, for a first class idiot! For you to up and tell a strange man, from the Lord only knows where, exactly how he can help himself to all he wants out at Panola. If they are every one of them murdered in their beds tonight, poor creatures, they will have you to thank for it."

Bixby's flesh turned rough with terror. He blanched at the picture of his wife's drawing. She beamed her satisfaction at results.

"So you begin to see it, do you?" she went on.

He began to see it. In great distress of soul he took counsel with his bookkeeper. What should he do to prevent those five innocent aristocrats from being murdered in their beds or, to them a much worse fate, being despoiled of their ancestral belongings, the things which were more than meat or raiment to them?

Bixby's bookkeeper was young. More than that, he had long entertained a hopeless adoration for the youngest of the Misses Dalton. He was fired with the chivalric resolve to protect the whole batch of Panola ladies from the possible consequences of Bixby's indiscretion.

By the time his own supper was disposed of that night the bookkeeper's plans were perfected. He would drop in at Brent's, where the fellow had left his sample trunks, and find out what he was about. It was clearly his duty not to lose sight of the villain. But at Brent's, where a laughing story telling group of knights of the road were filling the air with smoke and chatter, that particular drummer was not to be found.

The inference was plain and blood curdling! He had already started for Panola with heaven only knew what diabolical schemes in his head. Interception then must be his own role. It was a good three miles' tramp along a dark and muddy lane, but immortal glory awaited him at the other end. "The fellow" must have had a good start of him. There were no signs of the villain anywhere. Not even when he reached the much bepatched fence about the Panola house were there any signs of travel in that direction save the footprints he was himself leaving in the heavy mud.

Under that lichen covered roof slumbered five timid, helpless females, all of them lovely, one of them adorable. They would never know it, for he, their guardian angel, would steal away with the first gray shaft of dawn, having kept vigil over their slumbers through all the hours of darkness.

Or, greater glory yet, he might fall a victim to his chivalric duties. With a shuddering sense of his own inferiority he recalled the stalwart proportions of the inquisitive villain. But to die in defense of such a creature—his soul clung to the singular number—would be bliss provided he might only hear her say before his last gasp, "Jonas, live for me!" which, of course, he would politely decline doing.

As a group the Panola ladies were interesting. As an individual Miss Maude was absorbing. He had never yet addressed her as an individual. She knew him only as a fetcher and carrier of brown paper parcels from Bixby's shelves to their buggy.

The world had doled out happiness to Jonas with but a niggard's hand. But tonight he would wipe out all old scores. He groped his way through the wreck of a highly ornate front gate. He advanced boldly up the broken brick walk. As the villain had not preceded him he was still to arrive. Fortune had given him the field. Tonight he was only Bixby's clerk. Tomorrow he would be—

Bang!

He spun about, with his hand to his pistol pocket. Where was the miscreant?

Bang! Bang!

Heavens! Those shots came from behind those faithless doors. The miscreant had already effected his entrance.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

There must be twenty men there. He promptly put a tree between himself and annihilation.

As the smoke of this one sided battle cleared away a gentle unshaken voice floated across the intervening space charged with inquiry:

"Kindly let us know who that is skulking behind that pecan tree. Speak distinctly, please, so that no mistake shall be made between foe or friend before we fire again."

Bixby's bookkeeper preferred not to speak at all. He was making a mental map of the premises he had traversed with a view to strategic movements toward the rear. Again that sweet unshaken voice:

"Please let us know who that is behind our pecan tree. We do not want to hurt any one, but we ought to tell you that there are still three loaded pistols on hand."

A dim vision of flying legs and fluttering coat skirts was vouchsafed the fair garrison briefly. The big gate groaned on its rusty hinges, impelled by a wild push. There was nothing but a straw hat left on the battlefield.

With a momentary disregard of values, Miss Maude Dalton laid her still smoking pistol down upon a priceless Florentine table. She glanced at the weapon frowningly.

"I must take it to pieces tomorrow. It is getting hard on trigger. Rusty from disuse, I suppose."

The oldest Miss Dalton picked the weapon up and wiped off the Florentine table caressingly with the sleeve of the wrapper she had drawn over her nightgown.

"Maudie, you show our dear old table no more respect than if it were kitchen deal."

Miss Maude followed her sister's movements abstractedly. "I do wish we knew who it was," she said.

The five St. John Daltons laughed contemporaneously and contemptuously.

"Some one who has yet to find out that women can protect themselves in the hour of need. Mamma, dear, I do hope this untimely disturbance will not give you one of your bad headaches," said the eldest.

Bixby's clerk stopped in at Brent's tavern on his way back to the store. He really felt the need of something to quiet his nerves. Moreover, he might incidentally learn something about the movements of that fellow. Agitation, disappointment and perplexity struggled for the supremacy in his knightly bosom. The night clerk at Brent's bar must have made the toddy Jonas or-

"I PICKED THIS UP IN THE PANOLA FRONT YARD."

dered unusually strong, or perhaps fatigue did it. He fell asleep on the cane settee soon after imbibing it.

When he awoke it was midnight, and the inquisitive villain was giving an order to the night clerk. Bixby's bookkeeper was intensely wide awake in half a second. His tired eyes opened to their fullest capacity when he discovered in the fellow's hand the straw hat which he was last conscious of as it had dropped from his fleeing head.

The fellow came over and seated himself by the dazed owner of the hat. He passed a long gentlemanly hand gently over its soiled ribbon as he said:

"I picked this up in the Panola front yard a little while back, and as it is not likely I shall be going back to Mr. Bixby's perhaps you will be so good as to leave it on his counter so that the owner may find it."

The baffled knight errant fell into the trap. "Then it was you that fired all those shots?" he asked.

A demure smile wrinkled the corners of the "fellow's" lips. "I? No; I am afraid I cannot claim the laurels of this occasion. I suspect it was my cousin Maude," he said.

The jaws of his hearer dropped disconsolately. "Your what?"

"My cousin and, as it will be generally known by tomorrow night, my fiancee."

"The devil! A St. John Dalton marry a drummer?"

"As to that, she might and never regret it. In point of fact, she is not."

"But those three big sample trunks?"

"Contain Miss Dalton's trousseau. I am treating you with great confidence, you perceive, because I have a favor to ask of you. In some mysterious way I have lost the box containing the wedding ring. Girls are so superstitious about such things that I did not care to let Miss Dalton know of my arrival until the ring I have telegraphed for reaches here by the boat. I stepped up on Bixby's gallery just after my cousins had driven away, and the talk there going on made me uneasy, so I had to ride out to the landing to send my telegram I came back by way of Panola."

"And was there when I"—

This time the "fellow" permitted himself a well bred laugh.

"No, 'pon honor, the girls did it all before I got there. But it was a matter of some speculation while I was there as to why you did not answer when you were spoken to. You see, the name in your hat gave you away."

"Oh, dear! And I went there to protect them against you."

"Really? That was tremendously kind of you."

The little bookkeeper was red and writhing. "But you said you had a favor to ask of me," he stammered.

"Yes. The ring ought to come up by boat at daybreak. It will come to Bixby's care. Would you be so good as to see that I get it by 6 o'clock in the morning?"

The Flood.

Onyx—My wife burst into a flood of tears the other night.

Bronx—Did she cause any trouble?

Onyx—I should say so. Swept away $48 for a new hat in the first torrent. —Chaparral.

A War Quartet

Story of an Ambulance Driver

By F. A. MITCHEL

When the great world's war broke out Jim Harding and I were in Paris. Jim and I had long been chums, and what one did the other usually did. We had finished our education in the same class, in the same college, and before settling down to our life work concluded to make a tour abroad. After dawdling about on the continent for a part of the summer we went to Paris, intending to sail from England after "doing" the French capital. Before we got away war was declared.

We thought we should like to see some of the controversy before returning home and deliberated between joining the Foreign legion and the ambulance corps. We were both good chauffeurs and offered our services to drive the wounded. They were accepted, and Jim and I were assigned to the same field.

When the French army and English contingent were hurled back on Paris I was driving an empty ambulance to the front. Who should I come upon on the way but Jim. He had lost his ambulance in the quick advance of the Germans and barely escaped being taken prisoner. He climbed on to the seat beside me, and we proceeded together. Somehow—I never could tell how we did it—we drove between two divisions of the German army and found ourselves in its rear.

If our position had not been serious it would have been laughable. Here were two men and an ambulance equipped for carrying wounded men off the field of battle who had left the wounded far behind them. Indeed, if the Germans had not also been left behind we would have been made prisoners of war and our ambulance put to the enemy's uses. Under the circumstances we were not very long in deciding what to do.

Leaving our ambulance, we took to hiding. At evening we came upon a village that had been destroyed by the Germans and slept in one of the few houses left standing. It was nothing more than a hut, and in it what clothing we found had belonged to peasants. We decided to don enough of it to enable us to pass as members of the peasant class, and when we emerged in the morning we were clad in corduroy trousers and blouses.

In order to get back to our comrades and avoid being taken prisoners by those following up the German army we struck off in a southwesterly direction. During the day we entered a region that was very beautiful. I remarked to Jim that if I were an artist I should not wish any better field for sketching. There were beautiful hills on either side of a dreamy valley, to say nothing of a winding stream meandering between them.

Meeting two peasant girls coming toward us, Jim suggested that we might safely ask them for information that would guide us on our way. So when we came together I asked one of them what we desired to know. Unfortunately for us they knew very little about the roads or the topography of the country about them. I spoke French pretty well, and Jim knew enough of the language to get on in a simple conversation. It did not seem to me that the girls spoke very good French, but I attributed this to the fact that they were of the lower class.

After satisfying ourselves that we ran no risk in disclosing our identity I told the girls that we were Americans; had been tourists, had joined the French ambulance corps and were trying to escape capture. I noticed that upon this information they looked at each other and smiled. Then they both commended us for our patriotism and offered to help us in every way in their power.

After a brief conference it was decided that we should remain where we were and the girls would bring us something to eat, for we had not had food for twenty-four hours. Jim and I settled ourselves in a grove beside the road, and in due time our benefactors returned with a luncheon that surprised us. We had expected such a meal as would come from a peasant's home, but found cold chicken, slices of ham, white bread and delicious butter. Moreover, the whole was on a salver covered with a napkin.

But we were too hungry to wonder how such a meal could have been produced by peasants or even inquire into the matter and fell to at once, the girls watching us with evident interest and filling a couple of glasses they had provided from a bottle of excellent wine. It occurred to me that there was some mystery about them. Their hands were not coarse and misshapen like those of the lower class, but soft and round; their voices had not a guttural sound; their feet, which, with their ankles, were plainly visible beneath their short skirts, were not blunt like those of a peasant, but long and narrow as befitting a lady.

After satisfying our hunger we chatted with our benefactors, who promised to inquire as to the road we would need to take to get back to our army, and they would return in the evening with some supper. They left us in the early afternoon, and we betook ourselves to slumber, which we sadly needed and which was induced by the delicious meal we had eaten.

Our friends returned in the evening with more eatables, but with no information which would enable us to rejoin our corps. They told us that they had learned the Germans were rapidly driving the allies toward Paris and it was expected that the city would fall into the hands of the enemy. Indeed, the capital had already been removed to Bordeaux.

This did not look like our making our way toward our comrades, who were doubtless retreating faster than we could travel. We concluded that we might as well remain where we were till we could get some definite information, for there would be no advantage in making for a point that was always changing. That night we slept in a barn we espied near our bivouac, finding a comfortable bed on the hay. Not caring to rely further on our friends the girls for provisions, we went in the morning to the house of the farmer who owned the barn and secured a breakfast such as might have been expected from such a source.

We induced the farmer to take us in and remained with him for sleep and meals from day to day while news kept coming to us that the Germans were nearing Paris. We felt like shirkers in being absent from our posts, where we were so much needed, but what could we do? Evidently our way to Paris was blocked, and if we tried to get there we would likely fall into the enemy's hands.

We were perfectly safe where we were, but dissatisfied at remaining there. Jim proposed that we make an attempt to get through the German lines, but I believed that we would soon hear either that the Germans had taken Paris or had settled down before it for a siege. In either case we would know what to do. Meanwhile to pass the time we took long walks about the country.

One day we came to the brow of a hill looking down on a very attractive landscape.

"That would make a fine subject for a picture," I said to Jim.

"And there are the artists making it," replied Jim.

Lowering my eyes to a point directly beneath where we were standing, I saw two women, one before an easel, the other with a sketching board before her. I proposed to go down and see what they were doing, and we did so. Hearing us approach they turned their heads, and we recognized our peasant girl benefactors. We saw them look at each other and laugh.

"I was not aware," I said, still speaking in French, "that peasants were artists."

"You have caught us in the act," said one of the girls, "and we may as well confess. We are not indigenous to France any more than you are, nor are we peasants. We are Americans studying art. We spent the winter in Paris, and when summer opened we came to this region, which is famous among artists, to get practical out of door experience in our profession. To avoid being stared at or questioned we donned this dress and find it a serviceable outing costume. But were we not lucky in getting out of Paris before the war storm broke?"

"I think," replied Jim, "that your imposition was kept up as long as it would be possible to maintain it. My friend and I have suspected you were not what you purported to be. The luncheon you brought us was a dead giveaway. You should have brought us coarse bread and some cold pork on a tin dish."

"You should have done no such thing," I protested. "That luncheon was delicious. I shall always remember it, especially when I am hungry."

This is rather the beginning of a story than the story itself. Jim and I remained where we were till news came of the battle of the Marne and the saving of Paris. Then we bade our artist friends goodby and made our way back to the capital, from which point we were enabled to join our corps and found ourselves again engaged in rescuing the wounded.

Jim and I were both engaged in the fighting that followed the battle of the Marne, the effort to take Calais and subsequently the gigantic attempt of the central allies to capture Verdun. So active were we that we had no time to think of the girls who had brought us that delicious supper. Nevertheless, when temporarily off duty and together, we would speak of them and the way they had concealed from us their identity. We wondered what they were doing, but had little doubt they were still studying art—that is, if they had not returned to America.

A year passed, when one day while I was driving my ambulance I was wounded by a piece of shrapnel. I was carried to the rear. Jim found me and took me to a hospital farther from the firing line. In a nurse passing my cot I recognized one of the peasant artists I had met during the summer before. She had not forgotten me and showed great concern at seeing me in my forlorn condition.

I received especial attention from the lady, and it was, I think, due to her nursing that I recovered. Patients are prone to fall in love with their nurses and I was no exception to the rule. Her artist friend had also enlisted in the cause and was at the same hospital. When Jim came to see me he found both girls, and one day there was a reunion of our quartet beside my couch.

We talked over our meeting a year before and laughed at some of the girls' expedients to preserve their identity. All agreed that studying art and concealing ourselves from the enemy were far more attractive work than caring for wounded men.

Several years have passed since Jim and I met the two peasant girls. We are all back in America, having served a long period in the war. I married my nurse and Jim married her friend.

THE GREAT LAKES

Romance and Tragedy of These Unsalted Inland Seas.

A VAST MARINE GRAVEYARD.

No Equal Area of Ocean Waters Has Proved So Great a Glutton For Human Life and Ships and Rich Cargoes—Mysteries of Missing Vessels.

Some day the great lakes are going to contribute a glorious share to the literature of America. Until now they have been unhonored and unsung, except in some isolated cases, where the poet or the romancer has sought his audience in vain. All of the romance of the sea is not contained in the Atlantic or the Pacific. The great lakes are rich in romance. History and legend have joined hands to weave a thrilling narrative around this enchanted country. Indian tradition clusters thick about it. Three nations struggled for dominion over the lake country—England, France and the United States. Innumerable shipwrecks have contributed their black pages to the story of the inland seas. The thrill of storm at sea, of struggle with the elements in the blackness of a Lake Superior night, of glorious victory or brave defeat, remains to be recorded fittingly.

What chronicle contains a more fascinating record than the narrative of the voyage of exploration made by Rene Cavalier de la Salle in his good ship the Griffin, the first sailing vessel to venture forth on the great lakes? In 1679 this ship, captained by the intrepid French soldier of fortune and manned by a merry crew of voyagers, with several Jesuit zealots, sailed the length of Lake Erie, Lake St. Clair and Lake Huron on a voyage of adventure and discovery. The Griffin was lost on its return voyage. La Salle, who had remained in the north country, never heard of it again. The first mystery of the great lakes had been recorded. Countless others were to follow it. For the great lakes hold their grim record of tragedies.

It is interesting to note that no similar area of any ocean, if suddenly stripped of its volume of water, would expose to human gaze a larger number of sunken ships or more valuable cargoes than lie at the bottom of these inland waters. A record kept between the years 1878 and 1898 reveals the startling fact that in that period 5,999 ships were wrecked on the great lakes, and 1,093 of these were total losses. The loss of cargo during the score of years was nearly $8,000,000.

Some of these vessels disappeared almost as mysteriously as did the Griffin in the brave old days of exploration. No wreckage floated to the shore. The great lakes hid well their secrets. Navigators of the northern lakes insist that there are portions of Lake Superior where it is impossible to find the bottom. The superstition is that some ships that have gone down at sea are held forever in this unfathomable pit beneath the waters.

Like the sailors of the salt seas, the men who navigate the inland waters are a superstitious lot. Almost every wreck that marks the history of the lakes is the inspiration of some weird fantastic story that by frequent repetition assumes the dignity of truth in the sailor's ready mind. One such superstition that is firmly rooted in the minds of all great lakes navigators concerns the mysterious wreck of the Bannockburn.

She was a big, powerful freighter carrying a crew of twenty-two men. She cleared Duluth one day in the late fall. What happened to her will never be known. She went out in the morning and was last sighted the next evening. That was the end. Not one of her crew was ever found. For more than a year the chill waters of Lake Superior guarded well their secret. Then one day an oar was found floating among the driftwood of the bleak north shore. A piece of tarpaulin was wrapped securely around it, and when this was removed it was found that the word "Bannockburn" was scraped into the wood. The oar is all that remains today to tell the story of the missing freighter.

According to the queer twist given the story by the sailors of the inland seas, the Bannockburn is supposed to be the Flying Dutchman of the great lakes. Sometimes at night, when the chill north wind sweeps across the swollen bosom of Lake Superior and the stinging "ice devils" fill the air the lookout on some lonely point calls loudly to his companion and points to where he imagines the Bannockburn all white with ice and ghostly in the darkness, is slipping through the black mystery of the lake.

The history of the great lakes is punctuated with thrilling narratives such as this. There are brighter chapters that tell of heroic rescues made by dint of dauntless courage and superhuman effort. — George W. Stark in Outlook.

Decorated With Plates.

One of the important apartments at the palace of Fontainebleau, in France is called the Galerie des Assiettes, for the reason that its decoration consists of vertical rows of plates set in the paneling of the walls. These plates are very valuable, are made of porcelain and upon them are painted scenes and views of many royal residences. The plates were placed there by the order of Louis Philippe.

The way to choose between actions is to choose between aims.—Youth's Companion.

THE REPUBLICAN.

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CHARLES E. DOBWORTH, - Ed. & Pub

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GIVEN ANOTHER CHANCE.

The wisdom of vesting a Judge with wide powers in dealing with cases that come before him was aptly demonstrated in the Centre County Court last week. Three offenders against the law were up for sentence. Each was charged with larceny, each pleading guilty to a first offense. One was a woman, the mother of infant children one of which she held in her arms. Her's was a penitentiary offense. Moved by pity for the woman and particularly for the children that would be left motherless if the law were to be rigidly enforced, Judge Quigley used the power vested in him and very properly suspended sentence. He thereby afforded her "another chance." A boy implicated in the same charge stood at the cross-roads as between prison and freedom. In the hope that the boy may see the error of his ways and become a useful citizen Judge Quigley extended him the opportunity of "another chance." Still another boy in his teens stood self-confessed to the charge of larceny. The same reasons moved the Court to give him "another chance" in life. It may be that all three thus enabled to return to society and opportunity to lead good and useful lives may not make good and thereby impose on the mercy extended by the Court. The chances are, however, that they will. They have, at least, been afforded the opportunity and the chances are that they will make the best of it. To have sent them to prison would have blighted, or at least discouraged, their inclination to so live as to wipe out the past and prove worthy of public confidence and respect. Judge Quigley was actuated by common sense and human sympathy and these agencies seldom go wrong, even in the disposition of criminal cases.

FOUND DEAD IN BED

Rev. Dr. W. M. B. Glanding, Lutheran Minister, Dies Suddenly.

Dr. W. M. B. Glanding, pastor of the Bellefonte Lutheran church, died very suddenly early Sunday morning. Mrs. Glanding and daughter Margaret left on Saturday morning for a short visit at Newport, Penna., a former home of Dr. Glanding and the home of Mrs. Glanding's family. At the time of their departure the pastor seemed to be in the best of health. He was seen on the streets and conversed with a number of persons as late as five o'clock Saturday evening. On Sunday morning he failed to appear in the Sunday School room, which was something unusual, as he was always present at the opening exercises of the school and took an active part in the study of the lesson, he being the teacher of the Ladies' Bible class. His absence from the school and church created no little concern amongst the members of the School. Harry Hartranft, Harvey Shaffer and David Barlett, Jr., went to the parsonage and rang the bell at the front door. Receiving no answer they went to the back door and finding it locked, and being unable to get an answer, Harvey Shaffer went to his automobile and secured a screw driver with which the gentlemen gained an entrance through the window, and on going up stairs they found the devoted pastor and friend cold in death lying on the bed. He had a coat over his night dress which was probably put on during the night on account of it being so cold. The bed clothing was not ruffled, showing that death came without a struggle.

Mrs. Glanding were notified by long distance telephone when they immediately left Newport and came to Bellefonte in an automobile driven by the undertaker of Newport. They arrived here about 4.30 Sunday afternoon. They were so broken up that both of them were compelled to go to bed. He was the son of John N. and Caroline B. Glanding and 61 years ago was born at Altoona on the present site of the EighthAvenue Methodist church. He was instrumental in founding Midland College at Atcheson, Kansas. He served congregations at Atcheson, Kansas; Newport, Lock Haven, York, Syraccuse, New York and Bellefonte. He came to Bellefonte about four years ago to assume charge of the Lutheran church and by his devotion to the work of the miuistry and his genial disposition he endeared himself not only to the members of his own congregation but to the community at large. Dr. Glanding received his degree from Dickenson College at Carlisle.

Services were held at the Lutheran church on Monday at four P. M. the Ministerium Association of Bellefonte being in charge. Addresses were made by Dr. E. H. Yocum, of the Methodist church of Bellefonte; Rev. Shindler of the Lutheran church. Lock Haven, and Dr. Ambrose Schmidt of the Reformed church Bellefonte Rev. L. N. Fleck, of Pine Grove Mills, and Rev. E. P. Dunn, of Bellefonte, also took part in the services. The remains of Dr. Glanding were taken to Newport on Tuesday morning by train with David Barlett Jr., in charge. Mrs. Glanding and daughter were taken to the latter place by Frank Crawford in his automobile. Interment was made there on Wednesday.

Mrs. Samuel Thomas Dead.

Mrs. Catherine Thomas, wife of Samuel Thomas, of Bellefonte, died last Thursday night at 10 o'clock at her home on Fairview street. She had been a suffer from rheumatism which finally affected her heart. She was the daughter of Y. E. and Mary Pratt and was born at Axe Mann March 8th, 1859. On October 21st, 1880, she was united in marriage to Samuel Thomas and shortly afterward they came to Bellefonte. Mrs. Thomas was a consistent member of the Bellefonte United Brethren church and devoted to her home. It is in the home and family companionship that she will be greatly missed. She is survived by the following children: Frank Thomas, of Hollidaysburg; George Thomas, of Coleville, and Mrs. Carrie Neff, of Bellefonte. She is also survived by the following brothers and sisters: Mrs. James Mackey, Jacksonville; Mrs. Carrie Showers, Bellefonte; Mrs. Belle Jackson, State College; Miss Josephine Pratt, Jacksonville, and Mrs. Lena Miller, Buffalo, N. Y., Frank Kerney, of Johnstown, who was raised by the family, also survives. The funeral was held Monday afternoon from the United Brethren church, Rev. Hugh McLeod the pastor, officiating.

Death of James Kelley.

James Kelley, one of the oldest residents of Centre county, passed away Sunday morning at 6 o'clck at his home at Axe Mann. His death was the result of diseases incident to old age. He was born in Ireland and was the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Kelley. When about twelve years of age he came to America and after a short time he located at Howard where he dug ore for Bernard Lauth who then operated the furnace at that place. He finally became expert in locating ore, in the ore beds of Centre county, and afterward was employed by the Valentines in Bellefonte to locate and dig ore for their furnace. It is said he was about 90 years of age and since he was a small boy belonged to the Catholic Church. He was married twice, his first wife being Miss Biddie King. His second wife was Miss Mary Toner who is still living. The surviving children to his first wife are J. P. Kelley, Punxsutawney; Mrs. Joseph Drudding, Philadelphia, and William Kelley, Clearfield. To his second wife are the following children: Mrs. James McNicholds, Harry and Maggie Kelley, of Bellefonte. The funeral was held Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock from the Catholic church. Interment in the Catholic cemetery.

Russian Jewess at State College.

Miss Rose Brind, a young Russian Jewess who was a refugee from Palestine, came half-way 'round the world to study agriculture at the Pennsylvania State College. She entered college last week with the freshmen class.

Rather than become Turkish subjects, Miss Brind and her family fled from Jerusalem in December, 1914. They made their way to Joffa, where they were taken aboard the U. S. gunboat Tennessee, enroute to Egypt. Later she went to Greece, and while there received transportation and passports for America. After a fifteen-day voyage, during which she braved U-boat dangers, Miss Brind reached this country.

Since 1915 Miss Brind has been studying in Philadelphia in order to pass the entrance examinations for Penn State.

A Worthy Promotion.

Joseph J. Rhoads, son of the late Daniel Rhoads, of Bellefonte, has received another promotion by the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. in whose employ he has been for a number of years. On last Thursday he was advanced to Superintendent of the Allegheny Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The announcement was made from the general office at Altoona.

He was formerly divison engineer on the Middle division, with headquarters in Altoona. He was succeeded there by H. H. Russell, and went to superintend the Media divison. Later he was promoted to superintendent of the Schuylkill division, being located at Reading. He held that posttion until his latest advancement as the head of the Allegehy divison. He will be located at Oil City.

Camp Letter Delayed.

Our camp letter from Sergeant J. Homer Decker, of Troop L, at Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga., was received today (Thursday) too late for publication, having been delayed in the mails. It notes that the boys are all well. Roy Gutwald is in the Base Hospital, suffering from an inflamed ankle which had been rubbed by his shoe. For a time it was feared that he might lose his leg, but he is now getting along nicely. The camp letter will be published in full next week.

NEW YORK'S SKY LINE.

A Riot of Architecture In Its Jagged Forest of Towers.

The best of New York is against the sky. We have not an equably arrayed town like Paris or London, with a tolerably even roof line and only a few monuments here and there rearing heads above the ruck. Everything in New York tries to be higher than everything else. The profile of the city is as jagged as a second growth forest. A city of towers is the name that has been used to describe Manhattan. But it is far too polite. We are much more like a colossal factory town with an unending variety of workshops topped by the tallest of marble chimneys.

Restlessness and activity are its watchwords. Even our private houses are stood on end. A few millionaires can afford to buy a block and spread out their homes so as actually to look rooted to the ground. The rest of the world must live on end in a tree house, connected by many ladders, that might walk off down the street at any moment. Our few monumental structures, like the custom house and the library and the Metropolitan museum, are simply noteworthy exceptions whose placidity makes the surrounding upheavals all the more turbulent.

Mere change in the manner of the bandar log is not the real spirit of New York's sky line, however. It is turbulence with a method. Contest, rivalry, the will to beat out one's neighbor stick out in every jutting cornice, in every soaring tower. The brick facades of the newer dwelling houses quarrel with each other in exactly the same fashion. Restraint, modesty, a desire to melt into the general scheme of things, almost never occurs to owner or architect. One of the newer houses on Fifth avenue comes to mind, a perfect word in dignity and restraint. It is almost indecently conspicuous by reason of its contrast with its shouting, tempestuous neighbors.—New York Tribune.

THEIR SENSELESS DREAMS.

They Were Not Forgotten, as the Little Czar Had Ordered.

An incident which occurred at the very beginning of Nicholas II.'s reign is very characteristic of the attitude of the former emperor toward any share of the people in the government of Russia.

A deputation of the foremost representatives of the Russian nobility was sent to bring congratulations to the new emperor. Very bright hopes were connected with the ascendance to the throne of the young monarch after a period of gloomy reaction during the reign of his father, Alexander III., and in consequence it was decided to present to him through a delegation of the nobles an extremely modest supplication in favor of an embryo chamber of representatives, the only proposed right of which was the "right" to be consulted by the emperor whenever it pleased him.

The delegates, composed of highly respected and venerable elderly gentlemen, numbering several hundred, was lined up in the big hall of the Winter palace in Petrograd and kept standing in a military order and in complete silence for more than two hours.

At last a detachment of dismounted horse guards in topboots and with huge swords hurriedly entered the hall with a terrific noise and placed itself in front of the awe stricken delegation.

Then the tiny emperor in wild excitement rushed in and, pacing up and down the hall in the midst of the giant soldiers and shouting at the venerable gentlemen, delivered a brief but very definite speech, the gist of which consisted of the following expression: "Forget your senseless dreams!"—A. N. Sakhnovsky in World's Work.

Nature's Protection For the Ear.

The membrane lining the canal of the ear contains a great number of little glands which secrete a waxy substance having an intensely bitter taste. The purpose of this is to prevent the entrance of insects and to keep the ear clean, as the layer of wax dries in scales, which rapidly fall away, thus removing with them any particle of dust or other foreign matters which may have found entrance to the ear.

Teachers From the City.

Flatbush—I see a lot of New York society women are traveling about telling the farmers' wives how to can and preserve. Bensonhurst—Next thing I expect to see is the Wall street men going into the rural districts to show the farmers how to water their stock.—Yonkers Statesman.

Tip For Shoe Lace.

When the tip has come off a shoe lace just dip the loose end in household glue and press hard between the fingers to a long pointed end and let harden well. You will find the tip will stay together and can be laced up even through the plain holes without the least trouble.

She Was Cruel.

They seated themselves at a restaurant table.

"Will you have a little shrimp?" he asked.

"Dear me," the bright little lady exclaimed. "This is so sudden."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Tact.

On tact the last word was spoken by Barbey d'Aureville when he said:

"If tact could be bought only those already possessed of it would want to buy it."

The Kind.

"That pretty girl makes quite an affecting picture when she cries."

"Yes; a regular moving picture."—Baltimore American.

LIBERTY BOND MEETING

Held Saturday Afternoon at the Club House at Hecla Park.

In pursuance to a call by Charles M. McCurdy, president of the Bellefonte First National Bank, the bankers of Centre County assembled at the Nittany Country Club, at Hecla Park, Saturday afternoon to effect an organization for the promotion of the sale of Liberty Bonds which will be placed on the market October 1st. It is the desire of Mr. McCurdy and others interested that the outlying districts in Centre County should be reached. This movement has been authorized by the Federal Reserve Bank and it should receive the attention of every person in the county who has a little extra money to put into a cause of this character which means so much to the welfare and prosperity of the United States. It is your country and everything should be done to protect its interest.

The meeting was called to order at 4 o'clock by Mr. McCurdy who briefly stated the object of the call and what could be done if a concerted effort should be made to sell the bonds. All the bankers from Bellefonte, Philipsburg, State College, Howard and Millheim were present, also one from Snow Shoe. The following are members of the organization: Chairman, Charles M. McCurdy, First National Bank, Bellefonte; Vice Chairman, John E. Fryberger, First National Bank, Philipsburg; Treasurer, David F. Capp, First National Bank, State College; Secretary, George R. Meek, Centre County Bank, Bellefonte. The following committee was appointed to promote the sale of bonds in every township in the county:

Burnside—Leroy Lewis, Pine Glenn; Curtin—Ellis Harvey, Orviston; Liberty—W. H. Austin, Blanchard; Marion—J. W. Orr, Nittany, R. F. D.; Walker—Lawrence M. McMullen, Mingoville; Miles—C. L. Gramley, Rebersburg; Haines—L. J. Bartlet, Aaronsburg; Penn—J. E. Harter; Gregg—M. Zabler, Spring Mills; Potter—Cyrus Brungart, Centre Hall, C. R. Neff, Centre Hall; Harris—Dr. L. E. Kidder, Boalsburg; Ferguson—Dr. G. H. Woods, Pine Grove Mills, and Mr. Peterson, Pennsylvania Furnace; College—John Mitchell, Lemont; Half Moon—Ira Burket, Stormstown; Patton—Linn Matten Bencre; Benner—Thomas M. Tressler; Worth—H. C. Woodring, Port Matilda; Huston—W. M. Cronister, Martha; Union—G. W. Rumberger, Unionvile; Boggs—Ira Confer, Yarnell, and James Weaver, Milesburg; Rush—Postmaster Heath, Sandy Ridge; Howard—W. C. Thompson, Howard; Spring—W. H. Noll, Pleasant Gap; Gregg—R. P. Campbell, Centre Hall, R. F. D.

The committe hereby requests that the ministers of Centre county set a time when they will preach a "Safety Bond Sermon" to their congregations. The object is a laudable one and should be presented to the people by every way possible. The present war means much to the christian world and the ministers should feel no hesitancy in taking the subject into the pulpit. At the close of the meeting dinner was served.

Odd Fellows to Raise $2,000,000.

The sovereign grand lodge, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, unanimously adopted a resolution which authorizes its various jurisdictions to raise by individual assessment $2,000,000 which will be devoted to relief of Odd Fellows who enlist in the military service of the United States, and members of their families.

A resolution also was adopted to the effect that legalizing of the Association of Rebekah assembles be postponed for one year.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and foucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

To Shingle Users.

We have succeeded in securing several car loads of the famous Pacific Coast Red Cedar shingles. Send in your orders while they last.

P. B. CRIDER & SON,
Bellefonte

Most disfiguring skin eruptions, scrofula, pimples, rashes, etc., are due to impure blood. Burdock Blood Bitters as a cleansing blood tonic, is well recommended. $1.00 at all stores.

Market Quotations.

(Corrected by Weaver Bro. Grocers)

Butter	40
Eggs	38

GRAIN MARKET
(Corrected by Gamble & Gheen)

Wheat	$2.00
Corn	1.80
Oats	60
Rye	1.50

Read The Republican $1.50 a year in advance.

Mules For Sale!

Always from 100 to 300 head of Horses and Mules of all description for sale at my stable in York, Pa.

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BUSINESS CHANCES

We Establish Cut Rate Tire Agencies

There should be one in each locality

30x3 Non Skids $6.80
30x3 1-2 Non Skids $8.60

Small capital required. Profits are large. For full particulars address

Popular Tire and Rubber Co.
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Here's Your Chance You Can Live in a New Up-to-Date Home

By moving to Clearfield

We have new homes for several families with girls to work in the Velvet Mill.

For particulars apply to

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NIAGARA FALLS

Personally Conducted Excursions

October 5

Round $9.00 Trip

From Bellefonte

SPECIAL ALL-STEEL TRAIN of Pullman Parlor Cars, Restaurant Car, and Day Coaches

Daylight Ride through Picturesque Susquehanna Valley

Tickets good going on Special Train and connecting trains, and returning on regular trains within FIFTEEN DAYS. Stop-off at Buffalo on return trip.

Illustrated Booklet and full information may be obtained from Ticket Agents.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Announcement!

The Ford Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.

Has appointed the undersigned as authorized Ford Agents For your District.

We will be over 200 cars short of what we expected; in other words, we will have the entire output allotted to us for 1918 sold before New Year's, so if you have any idea of purchasing a car for next year, get your order in at once and make a payment as there will be, from the present outlook, at least three hundred people who will not be able to get FORD cars in our territory. In case of fire, death or having to go to war, we will cancel your order for you and refund the advance money.

It is only a matter of who places their order first. If you do not have time to come in, and want to place your order right away, drop us a card or call us on the 'phone and we will go out and see you.

We are now equipped to give Ford owners "Ford Service"---that means a Factory Expert to look over your car---Ford Mechanics. A Flat Rate of charges on repair work. A $5,000 stock of parts on hand at all times.

FORD CARS---Runabout $345; Touring Car $360; Coupelet $505; Town Car $595; Sedan $645; One-ton Truck Chassis $600, all f. o. b. Detroit.

Beatty Motor Company

Office and Shop in rear of Crider's Exchange

SALES
Charles R. Beatty
Formerly with Ford Motor Co.

SERVICE
Gus Forsman
Formerly with Ford Motor Co.

Correspondence

Pine Grove Mills.

Dr. J. B. Krebbs, of Northumberland, made a business trip to our town and State College last week.

Dr. Glass, of Pittsburgh, is visiting friends in and nearby Graysville, where he taught school thirty-five years ago.

J. H. Ross and wife and George Mothersbaugh and wife motored to Jacksonville where they spent Sunday with Prof. and Mrs. Swartz.

The report of the curbstone committee that Lee Markle would be the tenant farmer on the W. S. Tate farm is unfounded.

A. L. Wheland motored to Warriorsmark where he spent Sunday with relatives.

Mrs. John Garver, of Belleville, visited relatives in the valley last week.

Frank Mayes, of Lemont, sale crier and marble dealer, made a business trip here last Saturday.

W. H. Roush, who has a good job in Altoona, was here for the picnic last Saturday.

W. S. Moon, of Morrisdale, was skirmishing hereabouts last week looking for his share of lambs.

J. H. Tussey purchased a car load of fresh cows and feeders in the valley for his big trade in the eastern markets.

Dr. and Mrs. G. H. Woods and daughter Mary departed last Friday for Pittsburgh where the Doctor is attending a medical society meeting.

J. H. Everts, of Pittsburgh, was here over Sunday. Gossip has it that he and his good wife expect to become citizens of our town before the snow flies.

Our mutual friend Andy Lytle is among the sick, suffering from pulmonary trouble.

The ball game on the Bailey field between our picked-up team and Charter Oak resulted in a trimming for the visitors, 13 to 9. Near the close Ralph Thomas had a finger broken and two dislocated so that there will be one less corn husker about the Thomas ranch this season.

A ladies' hand bag was lost at the picnic last Saturday. The finder will be liberally rewarded on returning it to the Mrs. O'Bryan home in town.

The annual reunion of the Centre County Veterans' Club was held last Saturday at Pine Grove Mills and proved a splendid success. The roll call showed how the ranks are thinning out and the step of the surviving veterans is becoming slower. An all-day sessionwas held. Promptly at 10.30 President Hamilton called the assemblage to order and talked briefly to the veterans and citizens. Music was furnished by the Pine Grove Mills band. Rev. S. C. Stover invoked the divine blessing and Rev. L. N. Fleck, of this place, delivered a brief address of welcome and handed over the keys of the town. Next in order was the reading of the minutes of the last meeting by Capt. W. H. Fry. These were adopted as read, and showed that twenty-two comrades had passed away since the last meeting of the club. W. H. Bathurst, D. B. Brisbin and Samuel B. Miller were chosen a committee to select the place for 1918 reunion. Catherine Graham gave a splendid recital, her subject being "Your flag and my flag." Thomas Snyder, W. E. Tate and D. W. Miller were named as a committee on officers, and Henry Myer and Samuel B. Miller were chosen a committee on resolutions. Dinner call was sounded by the ladies and a recess was taken while the bounteous feast was enjoyed. The session was reconvened at 1.30 o'clock, and the first order of business was reports from committees. Bellefonte was selected as the place for holding the 1918 reunion. For officers the following were chosen:—John Hamilton, president; Henry Myer, first vice president; Samuel B. Miller, second vice president; G. M. Boal, treasurer; W. H. Fry, secretary. President Hamilton was drafted to make a brief address and did so in splendid style, taking occasion to thank the citizens of Pine Grove Mills for their hospitality. Chairman Samuel B. Miller, of the committee on resolutions, reported verbally upon the twenty-two comrades who have answered the last roll call, referring to their worth as citizens and the comradeship enjoyed with them for many years. He also thanked the ladies of Pine Grove Mills for the splendid feast served. Secretary Fry was warmly thanked for his untiring efforts in making the reunion such a fine success. On motion of Secretary Fry the membership fee was reduced to 25 cents and the yearly dues was also made 25 cents. The afternoon speakers were Rev. S. C. Stover, Rev. L. V. Barber, J. L. Holmes and Col. H. S. Taylor.

The Centre County Veterans' Club was organized in 1873 with the late Gen. James A. Beaver as its president. Each year until his death he was re-elected to this position. Of the original three hundred members the record shows only seventy-five now living, and many of these are too feeble to attend the annual meetings. Twenty-six answered the roll call on Saturday. The oldest comrade present was Robert Hudson of the 148th. The average age of the veterans present was 77 years. The comrades who were here were John Hamilton, G. M. Boal, Henry Myer, Samuel S. Miller, J. W. Sunday, Robert Hudson, L. Thomas, W. W. Garver, J. Q. Miles, J. H. Miller, James Knox, G. S. Raup, P. S. Dale, J. B. Holter, D. B. Brisbin, James Poorman, W. H. Stover, M. Gilbert, T. A. Snyder, L. H. Osman, D. W. Miller, W. H. Bartholomew, W. J. Dale, D. B. Weaver, S. R. Gettig, J. I. Williams and W. H. Fry.

Port Matilda.

Miss Madeline Reese, of Philipsburg, spent Sunday in town with friends.

Zane Woodring and family, of Philipsburg, spent Sunday in town.

Rev. W. B. Cook, of Salona, was in town on business Tuesday.

Mrs. Verna Stoner, of Altoona, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. George R. Price.

Mrs. W. T. Hoover and daughter, Sara, and Mrs. Daniel Funk shopped in Tyrone Saturday.

Allison McKinney, of Altoona, was in town on business Saturday.

Gilbert Eller sold his house and store goods to the Superior' Silica Brick Co. Friday. Mr. Eller expects to move his family to Akron in a couple of weeks.

Among those who went to Tyrone Friday evening to see the play "The Garden of Allah" were: J. M. Williams and wife, H. M. Crain and wife, Wilmer Bennett, Ray Cowher, S. S. Osman, Merrill Woodring, W. S. Crain wife and daughter Helen, C. W. Crain and wife, Sara and Kathryn Hoover, Gladys Bennett, Roberta Miller, Lemmon Eller and H. L. Shope.

W. T. Hoover made a business trip to Tyrone Saturday.

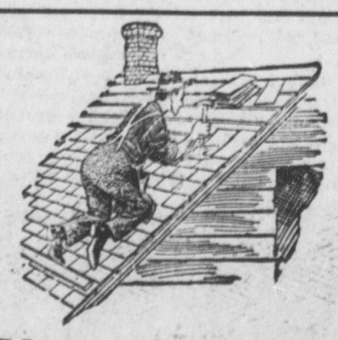
Gilbert Eller and wife spent several days the past week with their daughter, Mrs. Bruce Johnsonbaugh, of Akron, Ohio.

Sunday evening between five and six o'clock Misses Roberta Miller, Gladys Bennett, Sara and Kathryn Hoover, Lemmon Eller and Wilmer Bennett met with an accident when their auto ran into a telephone pole and rolled down a forty foot embankment. The accident happened just west of town along the slate hill. None of the occupants were seriously hurt but were considerably bruised and scratched. Eller was driving the car between ten and fifteen miles per hour when a dragon-fly struck him in the eyes and caused him to lose control of the wheel.

Northumberland Judge Dead.

William M. Rockefeller, aged 87, judge of the common pleas court of Northumberland county, from 1871 to 1891, died at his home in Sunbury last Thursday.

Read "The Republican." $1.50 a year.



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Red Seal Brand

Western Red Cedar Shingles stand the test.

See them before you buy your roofing

P. B. CRIDER & SON - - BELLEFONTE, PA.

Boalsburg.

Mr. John Stover, of Pleasant Gap, spent a few days of last week at the home of his son, Wm. Stover.

Mrs. E. A. Fisher, Mrs. John Jacobs, Miss Lucretia Goheen and Mrs. Wm. Goheen spent Wednesday of last week with Mrs. A. E. Lee, at Linden Hall.

S. E. Weber spent Tuesday in Bellefonte.

Mrs. Robert Harter and son, of State College, spent several days with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Ross. On her return home Mrs. Harter was accompanied by her mother who will spend several days with her.

Mrs. Alice Thompson, of Bellefonte, spent Sunday with Mrs. Samuel Roberts.

Mrs. Lindthurst, of Altoona, and Miss Fanny Livingston, of Tyrone, spent several days last week at the L. E. Kidder home.

Miss Annie Lohr visited her sister at Lock Haven from Saturday until Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fisher and four children, of Altoona, spent from Friday until Monday with Mr. Fisher's mother, Mrs. E. A. Fisher.

R. B. Harrison, of Niagara, is spending some time with his family here.

Mrs. W. T. Noll, of Linden Hall, and daughter, Mrs. Alpheus Wolf, and children, of Greensburg, spent Sunday at the Wm. Stover home.

Mrs. Ella Ishler spent Monday in Bellefonte.

Mr. and Mrs. Huston Shuey and two children spent Sunday with Mrs. Shuey's grandmother, Mrs. Page, at Linden Hall.

Mrs. Robert Wieland, of Mt. Union, is visiting friends here.

Mrs. Jennie Harrison, of Pittsburgh, and Mr. and Mrs. Fern Harrison, of Bellefonte, were recent visitors at the R. B. Harrison home.

Charles Corl, Mr. and Mrs. William Tennis and Miss Rhoda Harrison spent Sunday at Sinking Valley.

Secretary of State and Mrs. Cyrus Woods, of Harrisburg, spent Sunday night with the former's sister, Mrs. Alice Magoffin.

Mr. and Mrs. Chal Houtz and daughter, of Lemont, Ira Benner, of Bellefonte, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Benner and children, of State College, spent Sunday at the home of Willis Houtz.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ross and children, of Pine Grove; Mrs. F. W. Weber, of Boalsburg, and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Bartley, of Bellefonte, spent Sunday at the Chas. Kuhn home.

Mrs. J. P. Wagner and Mrs. Seguin, of Altoona, spent Sunday at the D. W. Meyer home.

Harry Ishler and P. S. Ishler are the owners of Ford automobiles since last week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Brouse and three children and Mrs. Harold Coxey and daughter spent Sunday at Port Matilda.

Mrs. Charles Kuhn a nearby resident of Boalsburg, has the bumper pumpkins of the season. In a very small piece of ground Mrs. Kuhn has seventeen very large sweet pumpkins.

Centre Mills.

John Page, of Rockville, while unloading potatoes at Coburn, fell and injured himself internally. At present his condition is considered quite serious.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hubler and Mrs. Reish were away for a little pleasure trip over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Cummings and family enjoyed a motor trip on Sunday afternoon, traveling via Bellefonte and State College.

Miss Lucy Jordon fell and cracked her wrist bone several days ago. Dr. Frank dressed her arm and she is getting along nicely.

William Etters and Mr. Godshall and family visited in Altoona over Sunday.

Adam Reish is busy filling his silo.

Miss Mary Miebes of this place expects to go to Smullton to help her father husk corn.

William Conn, of Altoona, who it will be recalled lost his right arm shortly after he was married, has been here picking huckleberries and blackberries. They have seventy quarts canned, so that they are in good shape for winter.

House Blown Up.

Frank Sala, an Italian, of Huntingdon, was arrested late Friday in connection with the murder of Mrs. Molly Ramsey, an American woman and M. Gauderillo, another Italian at the latter's home at Mt. Union early last Friday morning. They met their deaths when a bomb wrecked the house.

According to the police, the Ramsey woman lived with Sala, up until that Thursday when she came down to Gauderillo. Shortly after the explosion, three men were seen to speed away from the house in a high powered automobile. Sala was arrested in Huntingdon. He told the police he had been in Petersburg during the day.

John Ramsey, the husband of the woman, is employed in the powder mills there. He refused to say anything about the incident.

Milesburg.

Edward Crossmyer, of Cleveland, Ohio, is visiting friends in town.

Mrs. Roy Maggs and son, "Billy," of Lock Haven, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. James Wallace.

Edward Bryan left Friday for Tyrone where he is braking on a train.

Mrs. Elmer Bryan spent Sunday in Philipsburg.

Miss Kathrine Shope is visiting in Orviston.

Mr. and Mrs. Orin Heaton visited Mt. Eagle on Sunday.

Mrs. Oscar Campbell, of McKees Rocks, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Sam Campbell.

Mrs. John Shultz spent Thursday in Tyrone.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Gilbert and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Spicer spent Sunday with Mrs. Effie Spicer.

Miss Sara Rager, of Niagara Falls, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Nelson McKinley.

Albert Bierly and family spent Sunday in Curtin.

The Red Cross Society will hold a food sale in the Fireman's hall on Saturday September 29. Bread, pies, cake, candy and ice cream will be for sale. There will also be a parade in uniform. Go and help a worthy cause.

U. B. PASTORS

Assignments to Charges Announced at Conference Held at Johnstown.

The Allegheny Conference of the United Brethren Church was held this week at Johnstown and well attended. Assignments of ministers to charges included the following:—

Bellefonte—T. H. MacLeod.
Houserville—J. S. Emenhizer.
Philipsburg—H. A. Buffington.
Port Matilda—J. C. Moses.
Runville—A. J. Orlidge.
Zion—J. V. Mountain.

Recent Deaths.

Blair Mingle died at the Bellefonte hospital Saturday. His home is at State College.

Mrs. Nellie Beightol, formerly of Julian, died Saturday night at the home of her daughter, Mrs. John Howard, at Tyrone, aged 58. Besides three children she is survived by two brothers and one sister: Richard Beightol, of Bellefonte; Milligan Beightol, of Julian, and Sarah Richards, of Patton.

Physician a Suicide.

Dr. O. P. Reece, of Kylertown, Clearfield County, who was born eighty-two ago, on the old Reece homestead in Patton township, committed suicide by shooting last Sunday.

ADDITIONAL LOCALS

Miss Julia Curtin who had been spending the summer with her brother, Frank Curtin, in California, returned to Bellefonte Wednesday afternoon.

Friday Blaine Port, of Bellefonte, was working in his tailor shop when he was suddenly seized with something like a stroke. He lost his voice and has been unable to speak up to this time.

Outside of the contract work at the Titan Metal Co., of Bellefonte, S. M. Hall and Ira Wright have charge of the wood working department. They are both good men and understand making repairs and if necessary putting up buildings.

Tuesday evening the "Dorcas Society" of the St. John's Catholic church, Bellefonte, held a card party in the Knights of Columbus hall and cleared fifty dollars which on Wednesday morning was turned over to the local Red Cross Society.

Mrs. Thomas Chapman who had been spending quite a vacation among her friends and relatives in Pittsburgh returned to Bellefonte Saturday. She of course had their big boy with her and he had grown so that his father hardly knew him.

Sergeant J. Homer Decker several days ago received an honorable discharge as a member of Troop L, of Bellefonte, now stationed at Camp Hancock, Augusta, Georgia. He will return home tomorrow. His discharge was granted because there was nobody at home to care for his mother, Mrs. J. A. Decker, at Pine Grove Mills.

P. M. Bennison, of Pittsburgh, son of the late Samuel Bennison, was a caller at this office Saturday and had a friendly chat. He is a clean cut young man and holds a splendid position in the Smoky City. He has been spending his vacation with his mother at Howard and Wednesday was joined there by his family. They expect to return home Sunday.

Why Shoes Wear Out.

The average step is twenty-six inches. This means 2,437 steps to the mile, or 12,185 in a five mile day. A person weighing 160 pounds in a day has pounded into his shoes 974 tons and 1,000 pounds of meat, bone and troubles, and all this he carries above his shoes. Men buy three pairs of shoes a year. A steel hammer weighing 160 pounds coming down at that rate for four months would have to be renewed each day and would have to be fished out of the deepest hole in the earth at the end of four months.—New York Mail.

Every family should have a good

HOT WATER BOTTLE

We carry a large assortment of them as well as all other rubber goods which we would be pleased to show you.

Call and see them.

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

The Rexall Store

BELLEFONTE - PA.

COFFEE AND THE POETS.

Why Has the Muse So Shamefully Neglected the Morning Cup?

If the ancients had known it there would have been a tumultuous cult of the goddess Coffea, and the choruses of Euripides would have been sung by Cofferantes. Coffee has the romance of wine, and caffeine is far less maleficent than alcohol.

The coffee bean is indeed less beautiful than the grape clusters, and the coffee grinder is less romantic than the wine press, but there all inferiority ceases. The odor of coffee is as noble as the bouquet of Chateau-Yquem; its color—"dark am I, but comely"—is less glorious than the ruby of Burgundy but it betokens innocence with exhilaration.

Poets have neglected coffee, partly because poets are greatly under the influence of tradition, partly because coffee is a hard word to find a rime for. One had hoped that vers libres would give scope to coffee lovers. But the vers-librettisti and vers-librettistae (those gentlemen and ladies who write poetry for the eye and the ear rather than for the intelligence) have been equally negligent. Philosophers do not care for breakfast. Kant took a pipe and a stroll for his morning meal, and if we were to inquire into the habits of the extremely modern poets, we should be likely to find that they are equally reckless of breakfast. I suspect them of gruel or mutton broth.

To return, as I have said, no poet has celebrated coffee. Shakespeare came too soon. Pope has a mere reference:

Coffee, which makes the politician wise
And see through all things with his half shut eyes.

But in Pope's day coffee was an affair of afternoon, and company did not appeal to romantic sentiments as breakfast coffee does.—Henry Dwight Sedgwick in Yale Review.

Chemical Wealth in Lakes.

There are several lakes in the United States which contain sodium carbonate borax, potash and common table salt. Perhaps the best known of these is Great Salt Lake, Utah's ocean of salt. Others are Searles lake, Owens lake and Mono lake, all in California. The origin of these lakes is doubtful. In some cases they are probably due to an arm of the ocean becoming land locked. The most remarkable feature about them is the fact that they seem to be continuously fed from subterranean sources, since they maintain a uniform amount of salt.—Popular Science Monthly.

Changing an Opinion.

Many men can rightly assert that their opinions do not change, but they are not wise in boasting of the fact. It shows too often that they have learned nothing since the day on which they reached their opinions. So obvious an evidence of ignorance or foolishness no man should advertise.—Youth's Companion.

CHARTER NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the Commonwealth on the 23rd day of October, 1917 under the Corporation Act of 1874, for a charter of of an intended corporation to be called the "Port Matilda Supply Company," the character and object of which is to buy and sell articles of merchandise, having its principal office in the village of Port Matilda, Centre County, Pennsylvania; and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

ORVIS & ZERBY,
Solicitors.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of William Cronoble, late of Spring Township, Centre County, Pa.

Letters testamentary in the above named estate have been issued to the undersigned to whom all persons indebted to the same will make prompt payment and those having claims will present them without delay.

MRS. JOSEPHINE CRONOBLE,
Pleasant Gap.
GEORGE H. YARNELL,
Bellefonte, Pa.,
Executors.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

In the Orphans' Court of Cambria County In the Re-Estate of Paul Tote (otherwise Paul Toth,) late of Snow Shoe Township, Centre County, Pa., deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

ROBERT C. HOERLE,
First National Bank Bldg., Administrator.
Johnstown, Pa.

NOTICE.

Pennsylvania State Highway Department, Harrisburg, Pa. Sealed proposals will be received at said office until 10 A. M., October 16, 1917, when bids will be publicly opened and scheduled, and contract awarded as soon thereafter as possible, for the reconstruction of 2,454 linear feet of Vitrified Block Pavement, 16 feet and 20 feet wide, situated in Bellefonte Borough Centre County, State-aid Application No. 456. Plans and specifications may be seen at office of State Highway Department, Harrisburg, Pa., 1001 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., 904 Hartje Building, Pittsburgh, Pa., and Bellefonte, Pa. Full particulars and information on application to J. Denny O'Neil, State Highway Commissioner.

Penny-A-Word Column

ARCHITECT—Anna W. Keichline, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—Badger Dairy Feed, 24 per cent Protein, go to J. S. Waite & Co.

FOR SALE—Building lots. Inquire of F. Potts Green, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR RENT—Desirable house, with bath. Inquire of A. E. Schad, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—Complete butchering outfit. Apply to John P. Bickel, Pleasant Gap, Pa.

FOR RENT—Five room house on north Penn street. Inquire of Herbert Auman, Bellefonte.

Fire insurance and automobile at a reduced rate.
4-mo J. M. KEICHLINE, Agent.

FOR SALE—Building lots for sale or rent. Inquire Green's Pharmacy Co., Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Girl to do cooking and general housework. Apply to Mrs. C. E. Dorworth, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE.—One hundred acres, more or less, adjoining the borough of Milesburg. Inquire at Green's Pharmacy, Bellefonte, Pa.

YOUNG WOMAN—Wanted for general housework in family of two. No washing. Good wages. 138 So. Atherton, State College. Bell Phone, 83.

SINGLE MEN—Tenant men wanted on farms at once. Come prepared to start work; $30 to $45 per month. Empire Agency, 140 Castle St., Geneva, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Walnut bed room suite with a marble top bureau and washstand. Inquire of Mrs. Chas. Segner, Boalsburg, Pa.

AGENTS.—Big pay and automobile furnished free to agents placing sample of new necessity with automobile owners. Address President, Orolo Manufacturing Co., Louisville, Ky.

PERSONAL.—Let Madame Kosmos help you by telling the mysteries of your life, character and future. Send Birthdate and Dime. De Laurene Kosmos, Box 291, Louisville, Ky.

FOR SALE—One good as new (used 4 days) Keeler boiler; 400 square feet of actual radiation and a commercial rating 530 square feet.

T. A. Hugg, Milesburg.

FOR SALE—Five lots on North Spring Street, Bellefonte, 42½x200 feet, with large shade trees in front; also 100 acres, more or less, adjoining Milesburg borough. Inquire of Green's Pharmacy, Bellefonte, Pa.

LOST—Valuable brooch, gold mounting, circle of rubies; about one inch in diameter. May have been lost in train enroute from Tyrone to Bellefonte, or in Bellefonte. Liberal reward. Inquire at The Republican office.

WANTED—Twenty-five men for woods work—Mine Props—Tie Blocks and Logs. Best of Timber & Prices. Accommodations ready—Store close by. Transportation to operation. Acerage 1500. J. E. SEEDS, TYRONE, PA.

AGENTS WANTED—$25 to $50 Weekly in a business of your own. Don't be an Agent. Start in the Gold, Silver, Nickel etc. Plating Business. Prof. Gray's outfits are practical and complete. Work easy, profit enormous. Every family, restaurant, shop has tableware, jewelry, metal goods of all kinds to be re-plated. Every other business over-crowded—no plating shops. A grand opening in your section. Will you grasp it? Address today. GRAY & CO., Plating Works, 150 Gray Bldg., CINCINNATI O.

A Scheme That Failed

Tricks of a Sharper Bring Him Only Bad Luck

By HOWARD FIELDING

Copyright by Charles W. Hooke.

A singularly placid and innocent looking expression, mild, questioning blue eyes and a skin as fair as a child's were bestowed upon Ernest Harwood by fate, the incomparable jester. Cool, steady and alert, a natural reader of men, he had the outward semblance of the most lamblike of our species. Confidence operators perceived him instantly in the midst of crowds, and he acquired a vast knowledge of their tricks without paying a penny.

With no great appetite for wealth, he yet made money. After college he spent several years in leisurely travel from one end of the country to the other, studying the whole question of its industrial development in his own odd way, and in the course of this random pilgrimage he increased his earthly possessions about fourfold. And then he came upon the adventure of the Capital Cities railroad.

This was a corporation utterly wrecked and given up for worthless. In its brief day it had been capitalized at $10,000,000 and had sold stock and bonds, the proceeds being absorbed by the cheerful swindlers at the head of the enterprise. The road was to connect two state capitals, and construction had been begun at both ends, but had never reached the middle. Now the bonds and certificates of stock were regarded as waste paper, preserved from mere habits of prudence.

But a certain rich man named Isaac Creamer had made a discovery about the franchise of the Capital Cities road and had scented more money in that old gold brick. Mr. Creamer's plan was too elaborate for complete statement here, but the essential point of his maneuvers was to secure control of the stock. A clear majority of it was held by towns and little cities along the route of the road. It was now unsafe for any public official even to mention Capital Cities stock, and, though it had no value, not a share could have been sold without arousing dangerous popular clamor. So Mr. Creamer was forced to go over the heads of these local officers.

It was impossible for him to get control of the board of directors without the consent of these men, and some of them were honest and others timid, and he could do nothing with them. So he quietly secured a bit of legislation amending the original act of incorporation and providing for the exchange of the old bonds of the road for new common stock, with voting rights. Thus by buying up these bonds and adding the proceeds in stock to his holdings thereof he could force the representatives of the towns' interests into a minority and elect a new board of directors consisting of his own dummies.

Harwood happened to get wind of this scheme when it was in the bud, and he began to buy up the bonds on a speculation.

Creamer's agents were secretly buying, and so were Harwood's, and the time came speedily when Creamer

"I THINK I'VE GOT SOMETHING THAT WOULD SUIT YOU," HE SAID.

knew that some mysterious individual was in the market against him. Then began a series of operations that would have furnished plots for half a dozen comic operas. Detectives were engaged by the score. They dogged one another's footsteps and discovered everything except the truth. Neither Creamer nor Harwood dared disclose the actual facts to any of these sleuths, and so they worked in a double darkness, with the most amusing results.

Meanwhile Harwood lived in a third rate hotel in one of the capital cities, his identity veiled under an alias and his luxurious tastes repressed to fit the character of a clerk out of a job. He had a partner in this enterprise, and the partner was supposed to be an object of Creamer's suspicions. Therefore Harwood kept aloof from him, and they communicated with each other by telephone only.

One evening while affairs were in this condition Harwood was sitting in the office of his hotel after dinner when he was accosted by a man whom he had noticed on several previous occasions and had begun vaguely to suspect of some secret design.

"Good evening," said the stranger, and Harwood responded courteously with the tone of deference appropriate to the difference in their years, for the other was beyond middle life.

"My name is Graham," continued the stranger.

"And mine is Wilson," responded Harwood.

"The clerk," said Graham, nodding over his shoulder toward the desk, "tells me that you're looking around for something to do."

"That's true," answered Harwood, with engaging frankness, "and I don't seem to have much luck finding anything."

"I think I've got something that would suit you," said Graham. "Of course I don't know you, and I wouldn't give 4 cents for all the references in the world, but it's my theory that a man carries his character written on his face."

"Yes, sir; I think so myself," said Harwood.

Immediately Graham began to give a hazy account of his business, which seemed to be concerned with house property and the management of estates. His main office was in Chicago, but he had recently opened a branch in this city.

"If you'll come to see me tomorrow about 11 o'clock," said he, writing an address upon a blank card, "we'll see if we can make some kind of deal."

"Yes, sir," responded Harwood gratefully. "I will be here without fail."

During the remainder of the evening he pondered deeply upon this occurrence, and at 9 the next morning he called up his associate in the Capital Cities speculation. To him by telephone he gave a description of Graham and of the man who had been with him when they had seemed to be discussing Harwood.

"I don't know Graham," replied the partner," but I know the other man. He has been here twice and has tried to get information about the Capital Cities. I had him followed, and he proved to be a bookkeeper for a concern downtown—Lingard & Co., jobbers in glassware. I can't learn that anybody in that firm is connected with Creamer in any way. The bookkeeper's name is Slade. What do you make of it?"

"It looks to me as if this fellow Slade may have got some sort of a private tip, and, failing to work you, he went to Creamer, who bought him up and put him on to some job with Graham, who is probably one of Creamer's regular men. In my opinion, this is the deepest game we've struck yet."

"But what is the game?"

"I give it up," answered Harwood; "but, by jingo, I'm going to find out!"

At the hour appointed he called at the address given by Graham, and it proved to be a small office in a big building. The name "John Graham" was freshly lettered upon the glass panel of the door.

When he entered he saw only a girl—only a girl, but such a girl! The sight of her struck Harwood dumb. Was it possible, was it thinkable, that this daughter of the gods could be associated in any way with the underhand schemes of such a creature as Graham?

"You are Mr. Wilson?" said the girl in a voice that matched her numerous other perfections. "Will you sit down? Mr. Graham will be back directly."

"Mr. Graham has offered me a position here," said Harwood. "May I ask how long you have been with him?"

"Only a few days," she replied. "I was employed by Lingard & Co., but Mr. Graham offered me almost twice the salary."

Lingard & Co., where Graham's friend was bookkeeper! What could that mean? Certainly it seemed to connect this young woman directly with the plot. But what was the plot? If Graham knew or suspected Harwood's identity and his connection with the Capital Cities game, why should he dream of persuading him to accept a clerical position? Was he so incredibly shrewd as to perceive that Harwood would not dare to refuse and leave so black a mystery unsolved?

Harwood's reflections had reached this stage when Graham entered. He seemed to be in excellent spirits. His florid face and his big, loose jointed body radiated a spurious geniality. He came straight to business and made Harwood a very flattering offer. Except for a suspicious liberality and a vagueness as to certain details it looked perfectly genuine.

"When do you want me to go to work?" asked Harwood.

"Right now," answered Graham, and then, with a laugh: "You won't have much to do the balance of this week. I'm suddenly called out of town. But when I come back we'll organize the staff and get down to business."

And with that he rose, clapped on his hat and was about to depart when a thought seemed to strike him.

"By the way," said he, "there may be some payments made while I'm gone. Put the money into the safe. Miss Lawrence will show you the combination."

There was nothing in the safe except some new books of account, absolutely blank, and a large sealed envelope bearing the name of Lingard & Co. in the corner and that of Miss Hilda Lawrence in the usual place of address.

It fell from a pigeonhole while Harwood was rummaging in the safe, and he picked it up and replaced it.

"That is my fortune," said Miss Lawrence, with a laugh.

"Indeed?" said he. "I trust that it is large."

"It's large enough," she responded "only it isn't worth anything."

"How does that happen?"

She smiled at him sadly.

"Did you ever hear of the Capital Cities railroad?" she asked.

Harwood was aghast. So this adorable creature really was in the plot and by so childish a trick expected to lure him to disclosures.

"Yes," said he: "I've heard the name."

"My father lost his money in it," said she. "There are $100,000 of the bonds in that envelope, and they are waste paper. Yet he believed to the last day of his life that they would have a value, and he made me promise to take care of them and not to sell unless they were again upon the market with a regularly quoted price."

"How does it happen that you have them here?"

"I kept them in the safe at Lingard & Co.'s," she answered. "Naturally I brought them here."

Harwood rose and took a turn across the room and back. Of course there was nothing but waste paper in that envelope. He could break the seal—

SHE UTTERED A CRY, AND THE ENVELOPE FELL FROM HER HANDS.

with proper caution—when Miss Lawrence was out of the office for luncheon and so satisfy himself that she was truly a conspirator—not because the act would be dishonorable, but for another reason altogether. The thought nauseated him. He looked at Hilda Lawrence, and it seemed to him a dreadful stroke of destiny that she should have come into his life to play a role so mean. Then suddenly something within him refused to credit this, fought against it, overthrew suspicion and trampled on it.

"Miss Lawrence," said he, "there is a chance that your bonds will soon be worth their face value or even more. If you will let me see them I will tell you the story."

"Certainly," she said, surprised, and she broke the seal. The next instant she uttered a cry, and the envelope fell from her hands, while many slips of blank paper fluttered down to the floor.

"Be calm," said Harwood. "Answer me one question. Did the bookkeeper at Lingard & Co.'s know that you had these bonds in their safe?"

"Yes," said she. "I—I happened to tell him."

"He and Graham have put up this job to get them," said he. "I thought they were plotting against me, but it's clear as day now that they took me for genuine—for an innocent stranger who could be lured here to bear the blame of this theft when you should discover it. I have been an incomparable donkey. But wait!"

He went to the telephone and called a number.

"Hello! I want to speak to Mr. Stanton. Hello! Is that you, Joe? Well, I've got down to Graham's game. He has stolen $100,000 of C. C. bonds. Get all your sleuths out after him. What? What's that? He's there with the bonds offering them to you? Well, this is luck! Get a policeman and— What? Don't ask any more questions, Joe. Nab him!"

"Miss Lawrence," said he, turning to the girl, who stood amazed, "if you will join forces with my friend and me in the matter of the Capital City railroad I can assure you that your bonds will indeed be a fortune to you. And meanwhile they're safe, thank heaven! Shall we shake hands upon our luck?"

"Yes—yes, indeed!" said she.

Legend of the Man In the Moon.

The man in the moon is one of the oldest as well as one of the most popular of superstitions. It is supposed to have originated in the account, given in the fifteenth chapter of the book of Numbers, of a man punished with death for gathering sticks on the Sabbath. And since that time, the old folks tell us, when the moon is about eight days old you can see the poor victim, with his bundle of sticks upon his back, continually climbing up that shining height with his little dog before him, but never, alas, getting a single step higher!

All through our literature can be found references to the man in the moon. Quince, the carpenter in Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," in describing the manner in which moonshine is to be represented, says, "One must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern and say he comes to disfigure or to present the person of moonshine." Chaucer, too, has rather an unkind dig in one of his poems at this exile in another world, while Dante refers to him in the Inferno, suggesting that the banished sinner was Cain.

Under Way.

"I'm going to put on a musical show," said the manager.

"Have you secured the music?"

"No. But I've hired a costume designer."—Washington Star.

A Flight From Death

A Story of the French Revolution.

By JAMES BRAINARD

Truth is so much stranger than fiction that perhaps it is better to state that the main incident of this story actually happened just as it is recorded.

The French revolution had reached that stage commonly designated the reign of terror. Every day the doors of the Conciergerie prison opened to let out a number of human beings not to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," as was enunciated shortly before by the American colonists in their Declaration of Independence, but to suffer death on the guillotine. At first the victims were confined to those who stood for tyranny. The king, the queen, the nobility, royalty and its supporters lost their heads. Then the different factions that had brought about the revolution began to fight for power, and the conservatives were guillotined by the radicals. After this whoever desired to get rid of one he wished to remove had but to inform upon him as an enemy of France, and the accused would join the "innumerable caravan" passing under the yoke of the guillotine to his long home.

It was not always an enemy that was to be got rid of. Sometimes it was a friend. That friend might possess something that at his death would fall into the hands of the informer.

There lived in Paris at that time a young couple, Henri and Marie Chateaubrun, who were devoted to each other. Henri, when the struggle against oppression began, took a deep interest in it, advocating the reforms that were proposed. He and a friend of his, Antoine Boyer, became somewhat prominent as leaders in that quarter of the city in which they lived. Boyer, who was a bachelor, came often to the Chateaubruns to consult with his friend upon the course to be adopted by them in public affairs. Mme. Chateaubrun took a lively interest in the early efforts of the revolutionists to make France a constitutional monarchy and was usually present at the conferences of her husband and his friend.

During these meetings Boyer conceived a passion for Mme. Chateaubrun. For a time he struggled against it, not even acknowledging to himself that he loved his friend's wife. But the time came when he knew that life for him was not worth living without her.

As the revolution proceeded the two friends and coworkers found themselves on different paths. Chateaubrun continued a conservative, while Boyer joined the ranks of the bloodthirsty Jacobins. The latter did not give up his visits to the Chateaubruns. Indeed, he was not able to keep away from the young wife of his friend. Since neither she nor her husband suspected his love he was always welcome.

And now, the revolution having swept beyond the conservatives, those who had hoped for beneficent results to France, who had worked for the beginning of a better regime, found themselves in the position of enemies to their country. In attempting to stay the flow of blood they incurred the enmity of those who were shedding it. Then it was that Mme. Chateaubrun began to fear for the safety of her husband. She urged him to retire from any further participation in public affairs, to go to a small estate he owned in the country. But, dangerous as it was to continue a contest with the leaders of the mob, Chateaubrun was too much of a man to cease to defend what he considered the best interests of his country.

Fiercer and fiercer grew the mob, requiring of their leaders more and larger drafts of blood. Mme. Chateaubrun begged her husband to leave Paris. He sent for his friend Boyer, now one of the Jacobin leaders, and asked him what he had better do. Boyer said he would take the matter under advisement and let him know his conclusions.

The day after this interview there was a knock at Chateaubrun's door, and when it was opened a party of soldiers entered and informed Chateaubrun that he was under arrest by order of the convention. In spite of his clinging wife he was dragged away and lodged in the Conciergerie.

He demanded—all arrested persons made the demand—to know the charge brought against him. He received no reply till he was brought up for the semblance of a trial he was given, then was informed that he was accused of conspiring with others to bring the heir to the throne across the border and establish him as king. Chateaubrun knew that there was not a word of truth in the charge, but its very absurdity told him that it was a pretext rather than an accusation, and he lost hope at once.

There were twenty-one persons tried at the same time with Chateaubrun and convicted on various pretexts. They were all sentenced to be executed on the guillotine on the same day. All were imprisoned in the Conciergerie, which was the depot of supplies, so to speak, for the terrible engine of death. The day before the execution Mme. Chateaubrun went to Boyer and begged him to save her husband. He told her that to show favor to one convicted by the mob's tribunal would be to endanger his own head. She was astonished that he considered the risk in the case of his old friend, but Boyer maintained resolutely that he dared not interfere. From Boyer the wife went to the Conciergerie to tell her husband of the failure of her mission and to bid him goodby. She was taken from the prison and carried home in a swoon.

The next morning a number of carts were backed up to the door of the Conciergerie, and a soldier in the prison called the names of twenty-one men who were to go forth to execution. Among them was Henri Chateaubrun. They all walked out to the carts, some of them dragging themselves, some erect, all of them showing in their pale and haggard features the mark of death. Standing in the carts, they were driven toward the Seine and crossed it by a bridge entering the Place de la Revolution, since called the Place de la Concorde. There stood the guillotine with persons to work it ready to lop off twenty-one heads, and there stood a crowd, kept back by soldiers, to witness the grewsome sight. The carts stopped beside the machine, and the victims descended.

And now began a work that even an implement so well adapted to the purpose found it difficult to perform. Each one of the prisoners, hatless and with his hands tied behind his back, in turn stepped up to it, was laid upon it, strapped to it; the knife fell, his head rolled into the basket, and his body was removed to make room for the next victim. Fifteen of the twenty-one had been executed when the guillotine refused to work. Whether the knife got wedged in the grooves or whether the machinery that raised the ax or that which detached it after it had been raised got out of order doesn't matter. Something had gone wrong, and those in charge of the executions were unable to fix it.

The proceedings were stopped, and a messenger was sent for mechanics to put the guillotine in order. This required time. Waiting is not conducive to discipline. The soldiers who were there to keep the crowd back grew lax, and by the time workmen had arrived people had elbowed their way close upon the remaining six men standing in line waiting for the repairs on the machine that was to make corpses of them.

"Get back!" cried the guards, shoving the crowd with the butts of their muskets.

This was repeated so often and was disobeyed so often that at last very little attention was paid to it. Chateaubrun presently found himself in the first line of spectators. Then, instead of being in the line next the guillotine, he found himself in the second. In the pushing that continued he was wedged back into the third line and at last was at the back of the crowd that was there to see his head cut off.

There was something radically wrong with the guillotine. The man fixing it hammered and pulled and pushed and screwed and tinkered. Meanwhile the day was ended, and it was growing dark. Chateaubrun, considering the sight of his execution not worth so long a wait, quietly walked away.

The Place de la Concorde is at the beginning of the Champs Elysees. Chateaubrun, every moment expecting to be missed, concealing as well as he could his tied hands, his heart beating wildly, passed into the Champs Elysees eager to run, but forcing himself to walk leisurely. There he made his way onward in the shadow of the trees. Finally, when he had gone far enough from the scene of his intended execution, meeting a man coming toward him, he said:

"M'sieur, a friend of mine just now, who is a great wag, tied my hands behind my back and ran away with my hat. Kindly unloosen me."

"Certainly, m'sier; it will give me great pleasure to do so."

Thanking the man who had relieved him of the last mark of being an intended guillotine victim, Chateaubrun went into a side street and was lost. The guillotine was fixed, but there were twenty instead of twenty-one persons executed.

No word of Chateaubrun's escape reached his wife during the day of execution nor the next nor the next. Indeed, it is questionable if his absence from the number of condemned was noticed by the authorities. Mme. Chateaubrun was in the condition of one stunned. Boyer called to see her and found her heartbroken. She told him she wished to die. He begged her to live for his sake, confessing the love he had long felt for her. She was too paralyzed mentally and physically to even consider what he said. Not till some time afterward did she realize that he might have had her husband put out of his way.

But within a short time a woman stopped at Mme. Chateaubrun's home and told her that her husband was alive in the Netherlands and desired her to come to him. He had not dared write her, fearing to implicate her as a correspondent with an emigre. Without waiting even to announce her happiness to Boyer she set out for the place of her husband's exile, and in a few days he who was supposed to have gone to his long home and the wife who had mourned him were clasped in each other's arms.

Chateaubrun never had any evidence that his old friend had betrayed him except that his wife told him that Boyer had declared his love for her. He believed then that Boyer had caused his downfall. But he never met Boyer again. Subsequent changes placed the Jacobin in another faction, and Boyer met his death by the guillotine he had intended for Chateaubrun.

One day an old man entered the building where records pertaining to the revolution were kept. He showed an order to the keeper to permit him to examine certain volumes containing the names of informers during the revolution. A volume was laid on a table before him. Turning to the letter "C," he found Chateaubrun. In a column opposite the name was Boyer. The old man was Chateaubrun.

WHAT'S IN A SHOE?

Leather, of Course, but There Are Lots of Other Things.

FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD.

Reading the Story of the Materials That Are Used In Turning Out Modern Footgear Is Like Taking a Lesson In Commercial Geography.

What's in a shoe?

Take a factory tag that tells how a shoe is made. Count on it sixty different items of material; also different items of labor. That shows many of the things in a case. And there may be others.

Whence come the materials? When you look at a shoe you see the four corners of the globe pulled together in it.

Begin with the bottom, or sole, made from the hide of a Texas steer, tanned in oak from Pennsylvania forests. And the heel is of South American dry hide, tanned in hemlock bark.

It's a kidskin shoe you have? It looks it, although one never can tell for sure these days. The vamp is made of a goat of Brazil. It is tanned with chrome from New Caledonia, is blacked with logwood from Jamaica and is glazed with glass from Austria.

The top is of a kid skin tanned in Nigeria, brought to Massachusetts and there retanned and finished. The tongue is of sheep leather. The sheep grew in Argentine. The leather linings are of skins of sheep that grew in Australia. The skins were tanned in sumac from Sicily.

Some of the leather is treated with "fat liquor," an emulsion made of cod oil from Labrador and acids from one of the new American chemical laboratories.

Yet only a few of the things that the tanner used in making the shoe have been mentioned. He also uses in the mystery of tanning "divi-divi" from the East Indies, valonia from Turkey, myrobolans from India and algarobilla from the land knows where, salt from Michigan, sawdust from Maine mills, egg yolk from Russia, blood from Chicago and degras from France—and a few other things from a few other countries besides.

If there's any fellow under the sun, from an Eskimo to a Patagonian or from a Hottentot to a Korean, who has a hide or skin to sell, he can get his price for it if he will show it to a Yankee tanner, for the Yankee tanner is buying pelts everywhere.

The leather of which the shoe is made is fastened together with thread of Irish linen or Georgia cotton. The lacings are of Egyptian or long fiber Sea island cotton, tough and strong. The buttons are of bone, pearl or paper, American or European. The eyelets are of brass, coated with celluloid.

The tacks are made by the million in Massachusetts of steel. The same is true of the heel nails and of the shanks in the arches of the shoe. If a person prefers wood pegs that won't scratch hardwood floors in the heels of his shoes he may get them at a New Hampshire shop.

The welt may be of pigskin. The pig was killed in Packingtown, and his pelt was tanned in Massachusetts. His bristles were saved and made into brushes for cleaning the shoe.

Between the outsole and the insole of the shoe is the "filler," a composition of rubber from Ceylon cut with naphtha and mixed with ground cork from Portugal.

The insole perhaps is of good bark tanned leather. But it may be of fiber, coated with a sheet of leather. The box toe may also be of leather. But more likely it is of felt, filled with shellac to make it stiff. Likewise the counter may be of leather. But more likely it is of leather board or celluloid or of scraps of leather pasted together with flour paste and compressed.

The felt is made from waste woolen, perhaps old coats. The shellac is from the lac tree of India, and the leather board is made down in Maine of shredded leather, hemp and jute from India and other things.

Yet a few more things are used in the making of a shoe. The last, over which the shoe is fashioned, is of maple from Michigan. The patterns, by which the uppers are cut, are of paper board, made from old newspapers.

They are bound with brass. The brass is stripped from them after they become obsolete, and it is used for brazing the steel dies with which leather is cut for several parts of the shoe. The brazing is done in an electric flame or in a fire of Pennsylvania coal.

The snowy white lining is made from cotton of Dixie land. The top facing is of silk made in New Jersey mills, and the gold leaf on it may be truly a product of El Dorado.

The edges of the heels and soles are burnished with wax, which comes from Brazil, and the shoes are blacked with a blacking of which wax is a chief part.

There are forty-seven other things in a shoe. But enough already has been told. What does a fellow expect these days of high prices? Enough already has been said to make a lesson in commercial geography incorporating the four corners of the globe, as well as a few things above and a few things below the globe, and it's all for the price of one pair of shoes.—Salem News.

Remember This.

"What do you think is the most difficult thing for a beginner to learn about golf?"

"To keep from talking about it all the time."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Publish your joys and conceal your griefs.

Messages In Plants

A Man and a Girl Converse Through Flowers.

By ETHEL HOLMES

Ethan Atwater was a well educated young man, with a fortune, good looks, good health and a good mind. His occupation was both occupation and amusement. He studied and did some scribbling, occasionally sending very pretty verses to magazines.

Atwater lived in a small place, but a very old one. Many of the dwellings stood alone and often in the center of large grounds. His house was quaint, and the grounds were a marvel of good taste. On entering his study one would immediately be impressed with the fact that it had been furnished and decorated by an artist with an exquisite sense for harmony in color. Through the window appeared grounds that had evidently been arranged by a landscape gardener. Both the artist and the gardener were Ethan Atwater.

Atwater had been drawn to one or two different women at different times, but had sooner or later discovered something in one or the other to offend his sensitive taste, something that either smacked of coarseness or an absence of ideality. Not that he was a sentimental man. He may rather be called a man of sentiment. The sentimental was as repulsive to him as coarseness.

On Atwater's return from a journey he found that the place next adjoining his on the east had changed hands. The same day he saw a young lady go into the house whose appearance struck him favorably. Her apparel was in good taste. Her hat appeared to have been made neither for a giant nor a dwarf. The colors of which her costume were composed were subdued. Her face, too, spoke of innate refinement.

It was in the autumn that Atwater first saw this girl, and nearly every day after that he observed her either going out or coming in or at a window. His first impulse was to assume the privilege of a neighbor and go in and call on the newcomers, but it occurred to him that he would take pleasure in studying the girl from the brief distance that separated their abodes. One of his theories was that a refined person could not be unrefined; that an ideal person could not be commonplace. If she were both ideal and refined she would show her ideality and refinement to him without an acquaintance. If there was a lack of either he would be able to detect it without speaking to her or being spoken to by her.

Within a few weeks he had witnessed acts on the part of his neighbor indicating traits that he considered usual in if not essential to a refined nature. He saw her receive a child who came to her house and knew at once that her heart warmed to children. He was standing at a window when she attended an old lady to her carriage and was sure that she sympathized with the aged. These were but individual instances of Atwater's observations, no one of which was of supreme importance, but all, taken together, indicated a nature such as he could admire and revere.

Then he went away for awhile. When he returned he made a discovery. The young lady next door did not appear either in the grounds or at a window. He began to fear that he had seen her for the last time. That fear was akin to pain. He was tempted to make inquiries, but knew no one to ask. After a week of chafing one afternoon he saw her drive up to the house in a carriage and received with demonstrations of affection by the other members of the family. Atwater longed to jump out of the window and take her in his arms himself. But this was an impulse that didn't count for or against his natural idiosyncrasies.

Later he made another discovery similar to the first. He saw a very handsome young man leave the house next door and the young lady follow him out to the gate, apparently loath to have him depart. This time it was revealed to him not only that the young lady was a person of interest to him, but that he objected to her being of interest to any other man. From this point she ceased to be a matter of study by observation. She was to be appropriated.

My story up to this point has been very one sided, and it must continue for the present to be one sided. It is not to be supposed that a girl may be under constant observation by a young man next door without some observation on the part of the girl. Atwater had never seen her looking at him, though he had never failed to look at her whenever she appeared. Had he caught her doing so he would have considered her as overstepping the bounds set for a modest young woman. That she did not do so convinced him that she did not consider him worth looking at.

One morning in March Atwater saw a man digging up the soil in the yard in the adjoining grounds. It was plain that the ground was not intended for vegetables, but for flowers. In another week the young lady came out with a few light garden implements and a dainty little basket full of seeds and began to plant.

A few days later Atwater spaded a flower bed in his own grounds and planted seeds. His garden was protected on three sides by bush plants, but could be observed by the neighbor on the east. A warm wave germinated the seeds in both gardens, and tiny green lines were soon visible. Nothing unusual was to be noticed in the lady's garden, but in Atwater's a careful observer would have seen lines of tender green in which could be traced the letters "I Love You."

As soon as his letters were large enough to be read from the next house the young man kept a constant watch with a view to discovering whether they were observed. Days passed, and the delicate lines were lost in the exuberance of the growth, but never did the planter see a face at the window. If his declaration had been seen it had not met with any response.

Atwater argued in this wise: If she has seen the flower words and is a person of ideality, refinement and kindliness she will make a reply even if unfavorable. So he waited and watched. Weeks passed, and neither the heavens, the air nor the earth gave a sign. Atwater's ideality was giving way before the impatience of love, and he was about to try some more commonplace method. Then one morning when the air was clear and the sun was shining on the garden opposite he fancied he saw in a new growth just appearing above the soil that which might be letters, but since it came up unevenly he could not be sure at so great a distance. In another moment he had a pair of glasses leveled at the flower bed. The only growth that looked like letters spelled "No."

Atwater was momentarily discouraged. But it was evident that there was more coming up which might change what appeared to be a refusal. Again the impatience of love impelled him to push for an immediate response, but his ideality again triumphed. He concluded to wait. Realizing how he should suffer watching for a response to his message to grow out of the ground, he absented himself for a time. He returned late at night, and the next morning, to his satisfaction, he saw plainly letters in the adjoining garden to read, "I Know You Not."

It is high time that we should have a view of what is transpiring in this ideal affair from the other side of the garden wall.

Miss Edith MacGregor was looking out of her window one morning when she saw a young man leave the next house and saunter down the street. It was enough for her that he was nice looking and that he lived next door. Unlike Atwater, whose musings on first seeing her were what she might be, she mused on something to happen and, womanlike, at once decided to place herself on the vantage ground of invisibility—that is, she would not be seen when within doors and she would appear unconscious of the fact that a nice looking young man lived in the house next door.

While Atwater was assuming that she did not consider him worth looking at she was constantly observing him from a dark room that she had fitted up for that especial purpose. Nevertheless when at a window she took care not to look into the adjoining place and never appeared at all except when becomingly dressed.

And so it was that Miss MacGregor was perfectly aware that Mr. Atwater admired her before he supposed she was aware of his existence, and she knew he had been pierced by one of Cupid's arrows before he knew it himself. She had concluded to have a garden that they might have an excuse to meet with only a hedge between them, and when he planted seeds to spell "I Love You" she had seen the letters traced out in the soil before the seeds were put in the drills. Moreover, she had purposely planted in her response the letters "No" in thin soil in order that they might grow up before the others to give her lover a temporary disappointment.

Miss MacGregor knew very well that Mr. Atwater was a man of an ideal nature both from his face, which she had carefully studied with a glass, and from his method of making love. She did not therefore propose to destroy any illusions he might have. She knew very well that no man in love will be long satisfied with communications that must take the time necessary to grow out of the ground, and awaited her lover's next move. So when she received a note begging permission to begin a correspondence on paper she replied that it would be a pity to descend from beautiful and natural letters to artificial ones made with a combination of chemicals.

To this Mr. Atwater replied that, while the flower words were beautiful and not usual, they were very slow. And he made a request to be allowed to call.

Miss MacGregor delayed to reply to this note, but a day or two later appeared in a becoming morning costume in her garden with a small watering pot. Atwater saw her and lost no time in going into his own garden with gardening tools. The lady was watering her plants when, hearing a sound, she looked up with well feigned surprise to see her lover craning his neck over the hedge. He remarked that the plants needed rain, and she replied that there seemed to be no sign of rain.

Atwater looked for an opening in the hedge, but did not find any. In the rear there was a fence bounding both properties, and, getting on top of it, he passed the hedge. He was very much rattled. The girl was perfectly cool. She talked about her flowers as though there was no other subject in existence. But presently she invited him to inspect some that were in the house, and they passed in together. Then and there they began the speech where they had left off in the language of flowers.

Mr. Atwater has long been a married man, but he found, he fondly believes, that he attracted the attention of his wife and won her love by having declared his own in flower words.

Vice Versa

A Married Woman Becomes a Girl Again.

By MARIE G. MITCHEL

"Really, Jeanette, breakfast must be on time! Yesterday I had to run for my train, and it's the same way today," and Mr. Crenmore took a hurried last swallow of coffee, pushed his paper into his pocket with one hand, took out his watch with the other and started for the door, only turning to say: "Jeanette, the coffee is no better today. You really must speak to Sarah again."

"Yes, Arthur, I know, but Sarah," began poor Jeanette, stopping to quiet Bobby's demands to "Walk dust 'ittle bit o' way wiv daddy."

When the front door had closed and Bobby and daddy were on their way, Jeanette turned with a sigh to attend to the many daily duties of a housekeeper with one incompetent maid and two babies.

It was a hot, sultry morning, the children fretty and Sarah in an uncertain humor, as Jeanette bathed baby Jean with Bobby's doubtful help. A little frown crossed her forehead and her lips tightened. "Oh, dear! Why does it all have to be so different after people are married! Things always going wrong; not half time enough to set them right. Fusses instead of—well, compliments and roses," and Jeanette laughed in spite of herself, but across her memory flashed the picture of two people on a moonlit piazza.

"Are you sure, Arthur, dear," the girl was saying, "we won't be like all those married people who seem to have forgotten how to be really nice to each other and just fuss about house things and food and—well, you know—read papers at the table and all that?"

"Sure as anything, sweetheart," laughed the man. "We could never be like that, and as for reading papers when I have you across the table from me, well"—

Jeanette came out from her reverie just in time to save little Jean's tiny blue shoes from being launched into the tub.

"What fun it would be if one could only, for a tiny vacation, push time backward and be just a girl again, with nice men to say nice things and all the rest of it," thought Jeanette. "Wonder if I've changed a whole lot in four years. Would I get the same kind of good times? I would like to try." And, tucking baby under one arm, Jeanette ran to the mirror. "Not so bad. I am tired, of course, but with the same clothes, time for hair fixing and cold cream I wouldn't look so different."

She dressed and fed the baby with an abstracted air. As she laid her in her crib the front door opened. "Hello, Jeanie," called a voice in a stage whisper, "the babes asleep?"

"Wait. I'll come down," answered Jeanette, suiting the action to the words. "Kit, dear, it's good to see you. How did you get here so soon?"

"I came late last night, found mother deep in Red Cross work for the day, so came over here. Come here, Bobby, boy, and give auntie a kiss. Merciful heavens, Jean, but you look hot and tired! Believe me, I'll continue to stick to kindergarten work. At least you get a vacation in hot weather. Here you are, landed in a house in the country supposedly for a vacation, but you don't look as though you were getting one. Sarah any better help now?"

"Not much, and, you see, Kit, we have to eat, and the babes must be taken care of no matter where we are. Can't be helped, so don't get excited."

"Well, it's too bad. I'll tell you what, Jeanie," exclaimed Kit, otherwise Katherine, "I have an idea. Change places with me for the rest of the day. Just start off and do any old thing you like and leave the kiddies to the tender mercies of their Aunt Kit."

"You are a dear, but you only came last night and are tired yourself. I won't do it."

"I'm not tired like you are. I haven't a thing to do, and I love the babies. Just skip along."

"But, Katherine, you don't know about their food and naps, and Bobby is hard to manage, and Sarah is in a bad humor," began Jeanette.

"Now, listen. You can tell me about food and naps. And don't I manage thirty little wretches ten months in the year? As for Sarah, you can leave her to me. I'll jolly her along."

"Well," hesitated Jeanette, "then I'll do it."

"Get along before you change your mind." Katherine was "relentless fate" at her heels.

Fifteen minutes later Jeanette might have been seen stealing quietly out of a side door clad in tramping skirt and middy blouse. Under her arm was a book and a long package suspiciously like a fishing rod. Over her shoulder hung a fish basket. She took a short cut across some fields to a cool woodsy place where a little brook rippled its way over the stones. Jeanette stopped in the shade and took a long breath.

"Oh, how good it smells and how cool!" She dropped her burden in the grass and plunged both hands into the clear cool water.

"Just to think," she said, addressing the brook, "that you have been so near me all these weeks and I have never known it. I wonder if there are any trout in you." She followed the brook along, finding fresh delights on every side, wonderful banks of ferns and moss covered rocks which invited one to rest. Presently she came to a deep pool under overhanging rocks. In a moment she had her rod at work and a fly skimmed the surface of the water. Again, but this time it caught in the bushes. The next time her patience was rewarded, and a fair sized trout lay beside her on the bank.

"Not so bad," rejoiced Jeanette. "I wish Arthur could see you." She tried several nearby pools with no success; then the line and fly became hopelessly entangled in a tree. In despair she climbed into the low branch of a nearby scrub apple tree and with a long stick was trying to poke the line from the branches of the other tree when it slipped from her hand and fell with a crash. She heard a sudden exclamation and, turning quickly, almost lost her balance. A young man was standing in the brook behind her, rod in hand, his line entangled with hers, astonishment in his face.

"What"— he began, then stopped.

"Were you going to say, 'What am I doing in this tree?' I'll tell you what I was trying to do. Did my stick hit you?" Jeanette paused for want of breath.

"It did. It hit my arm with that result," and the young man waved his hand toward the tree full of lines. "But what were you doing in the tree? It is a good thing you made yourself known or you might have heard some language. There is a trout in that pool, just one, that I have tried for every day for a week on every fly I possess, but I can't suit his taste. He's a mighty particular old gentleman. But I am bound to have the old chap if I have to devote my entire vacation to the job."

"Oh, I'm afraid I have your trout!" Jeanette exclaimed. "Look!" and she held the trout up for his inspection.

"By Jove! Did you get him out of that pool? If you did, he is the same old boy. I'm glad to know he is caught. It takes a load off my mind. Would you mind showing me the fly he took?"

"Not at all, but I can't. The fly is in the tree," and Jeanette pointed to where the two lines hung in the branches overhead. In another moment they were both at work disentangling the lines.

"There! The trick is done. Is that the fly he took? It would have been about my last guess," he said. "By the way, I have a few small trout, and I'm as hungry as a bear. What do you say to cooking them and eating them on the spot? I know you don't live in the village, but from what you say you must be visiting there. I'm Deacon Alden's nephew, Stephen Alden, and if you are visiting relatives you are probably a second or third cousin of mine. You know about every one is related in a village of this size, so everything will be perfectly proper. Come on, cousin, let's get luncheon," and he laughed with such boyish good nature and good will that Jeanette laughed also.

"You certainly sound respectable. I'll add my trout and sandwiches to yours. You make a fire and I'll cook the trout."

The thought of food brought the babies to Jeanette's mind. Would they give Bobby the right food and the baby's milk? But she resolutely put them out of her mind and tried to have the "good time" that she would have had before the advent of Arthur and the babes.

Stephen Alden was having a good time and a "good feed," and he rattled on in a happy, care free fashion.

In spite of herself, Jeanette answered rather absentmindedly. How had she happened to forget that coat of Arthur's? It should have gone to the cleaner's that morning.

She answered a question about a recent novel so vaguely that the young man looked at her in a puzzled way.

"Probably not much of a reader," he thought. "She's a mighty pretty girl and a good little companion. Didn't fuss a bit about smoke or bugs, and she can fish. I'll try her on something else."

"Oh, dear," thought Jeanette, "I'd forgotten what stupid things I used to like to talk about. Tennis, ball games, dancing, were all very well, but how I would like to get hold of those blessed babies. I simply can't stand it."

"I really must be starting now for home," she began, gathering up her things. "It's been very nice and jolly and thanks for getting me out of the mess I was in. No, you must not leave your fishing. I'm not far from home," and she left so abruptly that Stephen Alden wondered what he could possibly have said to offend her.

As she came into the village she saw people hurrying along the street.

"What is all the excitement?" she called as two boys ran past her.

"Been an accident. Baby run over by an automobile. The yeller haired kid what belongs to them city folks. Guess he's killed," called the boy.

Killed! Her little Bobby, whom she had left such a short time ago. Oh, where was Arthur! If she could only get to him this nightmare would go. Why hadn't she realized sooner what Arthur and the babies meant to her? How could she have ever thought for one minute that it would be fun to go back to those meaningless, pleasureful girlhood days! If she had only known as she knew now! If she had only been at home this dreadful thing couldn't have happened.

She never knew how she reached her front gate. She saw her husband in the crowd. "Arthur," she cried. "Bobby"— She could get no further. He was at her side in an instant. "Jean, dear, it isn't Bobby. Look, he is on the porch. It is another little fellow, but he is not much hurt. Where have you been, Jean?"

"Arthur, first take me to my babies."

Later that evening she made her confession of the momentary discontent to her husband, but she added, "the cure, I am sure, will be a permanent one."

Early Opportunity.

"We came to this country and took the innocent red man's land away from him."

"Yes," replied the man who has been having trouble with real estate, "and in some cases the innocent red man was lucky to unload just when he did."—Washington Star.

A Classy Youth.

"What classes is your boy in at college?"

"He's in the .300 class at baseball."

"Yes?"

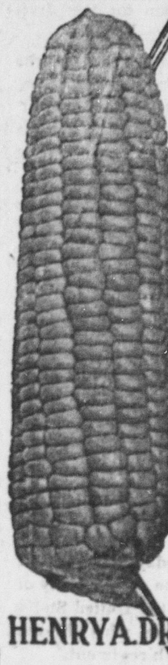
"And also in the ten second class in the 100 yard dash."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Boring Wells.

The art of boring wells was practiced in the east more than 4,000 years ago. Abraham's servant encountered Rebekah at a well in 1859 B. C.

Improve the Setting.

Howell—How can a man get his wife in a pleasant frame of mind? Powell—Just see that the frame is gilded.—Town Topics.



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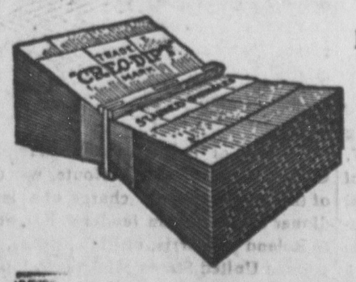

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Here and There.

Eastman's Kodaks and films at Green's pharmacy.

Mac Curtin, of Pittsburgh, arrived in Bellefonte, Saturday afternoon. He left

Be sure you have your taxes paid by October 6th, if you want to vote this year.

Mrs. Blair Hall, of Bellefonte, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hall at Harrisburg.

Mrs. Kline Woodring and her daughter Mary, left Tuesday afternoon for Allentown where they will visit friends for a week or ten days.

Miss Mardie Wagner, of Altoona, who had been visiting in Bellefonte as the guest of Mr. and Mrs George Hazel, left for her home Saturday.

Miss Emily Crider, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Burns Crider, left Bellefonte Tuesday afternoon for Baltimore, Md., to resumeher studies at college.

Rev. A. L. Boring, of Altoona, representing the Anti-Saloon League, will speak in St. John's Reformed church, next Sunday morning at 10.30.

William S. Schmidt, son of Dr. and Mrs. Ambrose M. Schmidt, left last Friday for Cornell University, where he resumes his studies as a Sophomore.

Mrs. Charles Schafner, of Philadelphia, who had been visiting her sisters, Mrs. James Lane and Miss Mary Thomas, left for her home Tuesday morning.

Now that the primaries are over the tug of war is on. The best man wins every time. No, that isn't true, but it is up to the voters to make it that way.

Mr. and Mrs. George Smith, of New York City, who had been visiting Mrs. Smith's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Showers, left Monday afternoon for their home.

William H. Walker announces that beginning with next week he will have on hand daily choice shell oysters at his fish and oyster market in the Bush House block. Give him a call.

The case of infantile paralysis near Warriorsmark is a little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Allen Dubbs. The child is getting better and there is little danger of the much dreaded disease spreading.

Harry Gentzel, wife and two children, of Altoona, arrived in Bellefonte Saturday. Harry returned home Sunday while his family will visit friends in Bellefonte and other places in Centre County.

Frank Smith, the Bellefonte tailor, who is with the boys at Agusta, Ga., has been sending post cards to a number of friends. They are quite different from the post cards in the north and are very interesting.

It is stated that a certain dentist in Bellefonte upon the completion of some amalgam fillings for a parson friend, surveyed his work with approval and remarked: "There you are parson, those will stay until they melt out."

Mrs. Harry Menold, Mrs. Walter Carson and Janet Potter, of Bellefonte, are delegates to the annual Women's Foreign Missionary Convention of the Huntingdon Presbytery which convened in Altoona Wednesday and will close this (Thursday) evening.

Saturday William P. Humes and Mrs. Charles Gilmore, of Bellefonte, attended the funeral of the late Judge William M. Rockefeller in Sunbury He was 87 years of age and was a brother-in-law of the late Mrs. William H. Humes, of Bellefonte, and an uncle of Mrs. Gilmore.

Mrs. Clair Wolf, and two children, of Greensburg, who had been visiting friends at Linden Hall, spent a few hours in Bellefonte as guests at the David Barlett home Tuesday. She left for home in the afternoon. Mrs. W. T Noll, of Linden Hall, came with them as far as Bellefonte.

Sheriff Yarnell left Bellefonte Friday morning in his automobile with J. W. Leathers, of Howard, and George Long, of near Romola. He took both gentlemen to the Danville hospital. The sheriff was accompanied on the trip by policeman Harry Dukeman and constable Howard Smead.

St. John's Church (Episcopal). Services beginning Sept. 30: Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity, in the Octave of St. Michael and All Angels, 8 a. m. Holy Eucharist, 10 a. m. Church School, 11 a. m. Mattins, and sermon, "The Holy Angels". 7.30 p. m. Evensong, and address, "Rejoicing in Our Lord". Friday, 7.30 p. m. Litany and instruction. Visitors welcome. Rev. M. De P. Maynard, rector.

Sunday afternoon about three o'clock a seven passenger Studebaker rolled into Bellefonte from Lancaster containing the following persons: Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Weaver, and Mrs. J. G. Weaver, of Strawsburg, Lancaster county, Mrs. Shirk, wife of Dr. J. K. Shirk, of Lancaster. and Mrs. Carrol Weaver, of Bellefonte, who had been visiting up in New England for the last six months. It was a jolly party and every mile of the road was thoroughly enjoyed. They left Lancaster at 5.30 o'clock in the morning. Mrs. J. G. Weaver is the mother of the Weaver brothers and W. J. Weaver is a brother. They stopped with Carrol Weaver on Linn Street and we are very glad to say that Mrs. Weaver has about recovered from her recent serious illness and breathing this pure mountain air will be of great benefit to her.

A fine line of pocket-books and purses at Green's.

Boyd Spicher, of Pleasant Gap, has received from Kentucky a highly bred coon dog.

Next attraction at the Opera House, Vogel's big city minstrels with newest of stage creations "Japland and the Garden of the Mikado."

Miss Martha Barnhart daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Barnhart, spent Saturday and part of Sunday in Bellefonte. She is teaching school in Tyrone.

Mrs. T. R. Hayes, who had been visiting her sister. Mrs. James A. Beaver, left this week for her home in Atlantic City. From there she went to California where she will spend the winter.

W. B. Rankin and family left Bellefonte Tuesday for Harrisburg where on Wednesday they witnessed the marriage of his son, Walter Rankin to Miss Irene Rohrer, of the Capitol City.

The total registration at the business office of State College is over 2000 students. However, this enrollment is being slightly decreased each day as men are called for examination for the draft army.

Mrs. Eckles, formerly Miss Blanche Jacobs, who for several years was stenographer in the law office of the late Edward R. Chambers, arrived in Bellefonte Monday afternoon from Pittsburgh to visit her mother, Mrs. Florence Jacobs.

Earl Musser, book-keeper for the State-Centre Electric Company, spent Friday and part of Saturday in Philadelphia looking up some Christmas goods. He has an eye for the beautiful and their patrons can expect something nice.

Mrs. A. E. Smith, formerly of Bellefonte, who for years was a resident of Milesburg, has been visiting fu Bellefonte and throughout the county. Saturday she left the James Schofield home where she had been a guest. Mrs. Smith now resides at Lewistown.

Second Lieut. Vincent Taylor, who has been in Bellefonte on a furlough of several weeks, left Monday afternoon for Buffalo, N. Y., where he spent a day or so and then went on to the United States training camp at Syracuse where he has been assigned to the 38th regiment.

Walter Gherrity, who is making such a good record at League Island, spent Sunday in Bellefonte with his parents, postmaster P. H. Gherrity and wife. His furlough was only for one day and he was glad to see old Bellefonte once more before he embarks for France.

Edwin Grove, son of Commissioner D. A. Grove, of near Lemont, was elected to teach the grammar grade of the Potters Mills school, made vacant by Alfred Crawford's leaving for Camp Meade, Maryland, as one of Centre county's soldier boys in the new army.

Miss Jane Hafer, daughter of the late Dr. A. W. Hafer, of Bellefonte, is now in France and it may be possible that in a short time she will be in the trenches She is prominently connected with the Red Cross movement. One or two friends in Bellefonte have had letters from her since she landed.

Miss Margery Singiser, who had been visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. Adaline Singiser, at the Robert Woodring home since July, left Monday afternoon for her home at Renovo where she has accepted a position in the railroad offices at that place. She is a bright young lady and will make an efficient clerk.

Ferguson Parker, who is employed in Pittsburgh, arrived in Bellefonte Saturday evening expecting to remain with his parents, conductor Ross Parker and wife, until Monday. He must have a lady friend in the Smokey City as he remarked he had no interest here any more. Instead of remaining until Monday he left Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. William Wallis, of Pittsburgh, who had been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Will Conley during the summer, left for her home Saturday. She was accompanied as far as Altoona by her mother who returned on the evening train. Monday morning Mr. Conley accompanied his mother Mrs. John Conley, of Centre Hall, as far as Williamsport, Mrs. Conley continuing her journey to Lancaster where she is visiting friends.

Ralph Cole, son of the late Robert Cole, of Bellefonte, whose eye was injured about four months ago, is thinking seriously of going to Philadelphia and placing himself in care of a specialist. The eye is not responding to local treatment as rapidly as it might, and rather than take chances of weakening the other eye he expects to go to the city. On Sunday a small piece of metal was taken from the eye which, of course, might have been one of the causes for his being unable to see out of it up until this time.

Surveyor of the Port at Philadelphia Charles R. Kurtz, of Bellefonte, was one of the committee in charge of a large dinner and reception tendered last week to Roland S. Morris, of Philadelphia, appointed United States Minister to Japan, succeeding the late George W. Guthrie, of Pittsburgh. The function, which was attended by about six hundred prominent Philadelphians and others, was held in the Bellevue-Stratford hotel. Much of the detail of the dinner arrangements was handled by Surveyor Kurtz and he was warmly commended for the large part he contributed toward the success of the happy occasion. Mr. Morris is quite well known in Bellefonte and has visited here a number of times.

When thirsty follow the crowd to Green's Pharmacy.

Miss Alice Rath, of Elizabeth, N. J., has been spending a few days in town as the guest of Mrs. F. W. Crider.

Monday afternoon Miss Eliza Adams, of Bellefonte, was called to Philipsburg on account of the death of her niece, a child of Mr. and Mrs. Foster Bowser.

Fred Crafts and Miss Anna Nolan motored to Johnstown Saturday and returned Sunday evening. While in the city of "flooded memories" they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Otto, the latter being a sister of Miss Nolan.

Thomas Fleming, who is with the Firestone Rubber Co., of Akron, Ohio, was a recent visitor in Bellefonte with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fleming on Willowbank street. He holds a profitable position with this company.

"Jack" Lane, the expert dyer at the Bellefonte Basket Shop, back on the job after being in Philadelphiais several weeks. He will be here several weeks then the probabilities are that he will divide his time between Bellefonte and the Quaker City. He is a good, sociable gentleman.

William E. Tate, of Potter township, was a pleasant caller at this office Wednesday morning. He is an old soldier and has some conception of the realities of war and like thousands of others in this country is tired of the present great struggle. It is not difficult to tell what he would do with the Kaiser if be got him in a corner.

J. K. Barnhart, cashier of the Bellefonte First National Bank, presented to the High School a large war map which Harry Menold, teacher in the manual training department, framed and it occupies a conspicuous place in the hall at the entrance to the High School building. It is so arranged that with thread the positions of the army can be given as they advance or fall back each day. It is therefore easy to watch the movement of the troops on the field of battle.

Fred Bryan, a member of the Centre Democrat force, was treading lightly Saturday evening The cause of the hilarity was that the stork, for the third time, flew over his home Saturday afternoon and left another little daughter. We guess he will now have to follow the ingenious Herbie Auman and buy a cow to cut down the high cost of living. Fred was hoping and "praying" it would be a son so that he would have a representative in the army but he must be satisfied with the Red Cross branch.

CAUGHT IN PULLEY

Calvin Traup, Match Company Supt., Painfully Injured.

Calvin Traup, superintendent for the Pennsylvania Match Co., Bellefonte, is in the land of the living today as a result of having a miraculous escape from having his neck broken. Last Saturday morning about 11 o'clock he took a ladder and placed it on a board that is nailed onto the girders of the old machine room that carries electric wires from one section of the building to the other. In front of the ladder was a revolving pulley, with a twelve inch belt, that runs from the first floor to the machinery on the third floor. Mr. Traup was up on the ladder oiling the belt when either his hold slipped or the brush was drawn into the fast revolving pulley and his right arm almost wrenched off. The strain was so great that it drew his body toward the wheel with such force that the board in front of the pulley was broken which left Mr. Traup's head between the broken board and the belt. The result was that the belt was wearing a hole through the back of his head and he was powerless to release himself.

Willis Grove, the master mechanic, fortunately saw the predicament of Mr. Traup and at once ran and closed down the engine and stopped the machinery. Instead of the unfortunate man falling to the floor, as expected, his body was suspended from his chin, which was forced over the edge of the board so tightly that his body hung in the air. He was released from his perilous position by Mr. Grove and James Gunsallus and while taking him down it was discovered that the top of one of the sides of the ladder had been broken off, showing that it must have also come in contact with the revolving belt. Mr. Troup was carried out of the building with the belief he was dead as he was unconscious. He was taken to the office and a physician summoned as quickly as possible. It was considerable time before he showed any sign of life but finally, through rubbing his body he began to show signs of reviving and was taken to the Bellefonte hospital where he recovered sufficiently to know those who stood around him. An examination showed that his right arm from the shoulder to the tips of his fingers was numb or paralized. The arm had been so squeezed between the belt and the pulley that some of the ligaments had been pulled apart and the flesh crushed although, fortunately, no bones were broken. The hair was torn off the back of his head and the friction of the belt had worn the skin off clean to the skull. His face was also lacerated, as it was pressed against his breast so tightly that it is a wonder that his neck was not broken. He is getting along as well as can be expected but it may be months before he will again have the full use of his right arm.

MENCHIO CASE UP

Philipsburg Man Appears in Court on Charge of Homicide.

The Philipsburg homicide case, in which Thomas Menchio stands charged with the death of Walter Young, was called for trial in court on Wednesday afternoon, and is under way today. Considerable time was required to secure a jury.

Menchio, as was explained in these columns at the time of the killing of Young, stabbed the latter in the neck. Young was removed to a hospital and it was generally supposed that he would recover. He suddenly collapsed and died. The stabbing was the result of a family quarrel, the Menchio and Young families being neighbors.

Hillary Viard and his wife May Viard, of South Philipsburg, occupied considerable of the week's session of court, figuring as defendants in several prosecutions and losing out in each instance. Before any jury trials in their numerous cases could be held they entered pleas of guilty to charges of assault and battery, the informations having been made against them by D. M. Donohoe, a State policeman. South Philipsburg sent quite a contingent of citizens as witnesses for the prosecution in a charge against Mr. and Mrs. Viard of conducting a disorderly house and also a bawdy house. The case attracted considerable attention. The burden of the testimony was that the Viard house was detrimental to the morals of the community. The jury returned a verdict of guilty on both counts. Next Mrs. Viard faced trial on a charge of larceny. It was alleged that she robbed a man with whom she had undue intimacy, and the jury decided that she was guilty. Appeals for new trials were filed.

Other cases disposed of in court during the week included the following:—

Comm. vs. Thomas Gutwald; charge, desertion and non-support of wife and three children. Plea of guilty and ordered to pay $25 per month.

Comm. vs. J. O. Mease; desertion and non-support. After conference between counsel and the Court verdict of not guilty rendered, defendant to pay costs and $8 per month.

Comm. vs. Edward Gravish; assault and battery, prosecutor, Puddy Buscotis. Verdict of not guilty, defendant to pay two-thirds of costs and prosecutor one-third.

Comm. vs. Thomas Martin; desertion and non-support. Plea of guilty and directed to pay $15 per month.

Comm. vs. Harry Garbrick; betrayal. Usual sentence.

Comm. vs. Henry Wineburner; pointing deadly weapon. Plea of guilty. Nine months in jail and $25 fine.

Arthur C. Dale, son of Mr. and Mrs. Clement Dale, was formally admitted to practice at the Centre County bar, having successfully passed the State board examination.

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"But the Money Comes In

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